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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 2
NIGHTINGALE ..... *Richard Aldington* 7
PERSONAL MEMORIES OF JOHN BUTLER YEATS..... *Katharine Tynan* 8
JANE HORNER..... *Richard Kirk* 15
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO CANDLES..... *Paul Eldridge* 16
MARDI GRAS NIGHT—PANAMA..... *Glenn Ward Dresbach* 19
THE NAKED, THE NUDE AND THE UNDREST.. *Hermann George Scheffauer* 20
SAN CRISTOBAL ..... *Muna Lee* 24
WOEFUL PEREGRINATION..... *Matthew Josephson* 25
WILLIAM BLAKE ..... *Allen Tate* 28
A KEY TO CABELL ..... *Louis Untermeyer* 29
APPRECIATION..... *Richard Kirk* 31
SONGS OF THE SEASONS..... *Mary Austin* 32
HISTORY OF THE MOULIN ROUGE..... *Arthur Symons* 34
TRUCK-DRIVERS ..... *Maxwell Bodenheim* 39
A NOTE ON THE OBJECTIVE..... *Royall Snow* 40
THE RUBIES OF CLEOPATRA..... *Victor Oscar Freeburg* 43
PARTHENIA ..... *Allen Tate* 46
PARIS NOTES ..... *Arthur Moss* 47
GREETINGS FROM CONFUCIUS..... *Paul Eldridge* 48
REVIEWS—
PETER WHIFFLE..... *Fairfax Proudfit Walkup* 49
WALTER DE LA MARE..... *Llewelyn Powys* 50
UPSTREAM..... *G. D. Eaton* 52
ANGELS AND MINISTERS..... *Alice Sessums Leovy* 54
MASTER'S NOVEL ..... *Adalin[illegible] Katz* 55
THE MIND IN THE MAKING..... *Harry Salpeter* 55
MERCUTIO ..... *Harry Alan Potamkin* 56

Vol. IV No. 19

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The
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".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

EXPLODING A VULGAR ERROR

NOT in vainglory but in sober pursuit of justice and truth, we halt in passing to explode a popular fallacy. THE DOUBLE DEALER, we remark in the first place, is not a sectional organ. It is as interested in good writing done in Senegambia as in good writing produced in the "late Confederacy." But there has been circulated in print too often the assertion that the South is a sterile and sorry field of literary endeavor, that it has produced little or nothing of merit in the way of reading matter since Lanier went into the army.

Nobody will admit more quickly than we that American literature, at this juncture, is not the crowning glory of thirty centuries of Occidental culture. As a matter of fact, it makes us ill to appraise it with our eye simultaneously on the classics, or even, as far as that goes, with our eye on the literary output of any of the more cultured European nations, to say nothing whatsoever of China. But, such as it is, we advance the following inventory:

Of the members of the present American contingent the South has fathered James Branch Cabell, H. L. Mencken, Willa Sibert Cather, Maxwell Bodenheim, Conrad Aiken, John Gould Fletcher, David Morton, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Muna Lee, William Alexander Percy, John Peale Bishop, Cale Young Rice, Hortense Flexner, Walter McClellan, Allen Tate—

But why go on?

The North, the Middle West or the Far West cannot offer a more imposing, a more varied or a more capable group of writers than these. Not forgetting Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay or Sherwood Anderson, we have no hesitancy in stating that no American now in the public eye has approached James Branch Cabell in creative artistry. Nor has any American approached H. L. Mencken in critical achievement. Other parts of the country (we have read their alleged big beards carefully—Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay, Frost, Hergesheimer, Dreiser —and speak without fear) can simply muster, out of a larger population, a larger number of small fry.

The South—the much belabored South —produced the two unchallenged figures in the present American world of letters. In sound, serious and reverent artistry in either the old forms or the new the output of the South is equal to that of any other geographical section of the country.

In popular reading matter we can advance, if it is desired, another inventory:

Octavus Roy Cohen, George W. Cable, Alice Hegan Rice, Mary Johnston, Brander Matthews—

But this is unnecessary.

The South, we confess, cannot match the productions of Dr. Frank Crane and Orison Swett Marden and their troops of zanies. But about this deficiency we are not concerned.

ART

THE multiple voiced literary press is constantly jabbering of Art. Each little group yelps for its own ineluctible school. *The Dial* and its young men cry for American Henry Jameses; Mr. Mencken and his littler men for exposés of our horrid puritanism; Mr. William Lyon Phelps and his Yale boys are rooting for a return to literary sanity and temperance. *The Little Review* in its sporadic issues favors a hari-kari of old forms. All these gentlemen and ladies are incredibly serious about it. The cult of literature supersedes the cult of the deity. "Take off your shoes lest you trample on holy ink."

A fig for all this palaver, say I, syrup of figs for the "Temple of Art!" Strike every serious creative artist with paralysis at midnight, and who would weep? What are all the books in the world or all the daubed canvases? Or for that matter, the bric-a-brac, as compared to a juicy beefsteak and a seidel of beer?

The world is cluttered with the notions and so-called visions of these literate jackasses, these nympholepts, epileptoids. What is an artist but a child who cannot grow up, worse, a peevish child who insists on thrusting his absurd playthings under adult noses. What is art but a make-believe, an anodyne for neurotics? Why try to gull us into the belief that it has any utility in normal life? "The business of the race," says Remy de Gourmont, "is reproduction." The business of art is directly opposed to this in that it sanctions the modeling of little dough figures which their creators try pathetically to vitalize.

And now, after all this tirade, let me say quite frankly that I am on the side of the devils. If I find it less healthy to align myself against meat-eaters, athletes, fecundator and fecundee, I can't help it. I find myself uninterested in the continuity of the species. No doubt it will go on with or without my attention. What stirs my unholy interest is just these futile, playful games. Were this not the case I should not now be spoiling white paper. I am so much attached to these jongleurs, these mountebanks, these contortionists, that I want to set them right. I want to see clowns who know that they are clowns, and who do not think themselves supermen. I want literary toe dancers interested in toe-dancing, not in the plight of the laborer. Art can never be taken seriously, for its essence is frivolity, if it has any value for life it is its very frivolity. If Art made money it would mean that the race was radically diseased. Popular Art is a contradiction in terms. Art is the white bird, the stream that flows up hill. It is the spirit that says No; the imp of the perverse. Once it puckers its brow and considers its dignity it suffers that most horrible fate—it becomes a bore and a nuisance.

Snap out of it, boys! You talk like statesmen.

THE GOOTLE TRADE

I WANT someone to lend me money so I can set up a gootle factory. We will rise to opulence beyond the dreams of Midas in the gootle trade.

The unfortunate death of Ambrose Bierce nine years ago deprived the inventor of the gootle of the legitimate rewards of his ingenuity, as that champ-

ing war-horse of autocracy, had he lived a little longer, would undoubtedly have established a factory of his own. But he is out of the running—God rest his turbulent soul!—and I call on some enterprising gentleman to provide a little capital for the manufacture of this neglected commodity.

"A gootle," as defined by its lamented inventor, "is a metal weight to be attached to the tail of a donkey to keep him from braying." (Donkeys, he had conclusively proved, cannot bray without raising their tails.)

I wish to manufacture gootles and enter, also, the retail trade. The horrible need for gootles is evident throughout the commonwealth. The field for our salesmen is unbounded. The sky is the limit, my dear sirs, and we should be selling gootles at the rate of a million a week in very short order.

It is impossible to minify the number of prospects. One can begin, of course, with Congress, an El Dorado in itself. We can extend our sales campaign to a myriad Volsteadians. In the pastures of politics thousands languish for gootles. And beyond these rich fields? Well, the Knights of God trooping in the armies of Uplift; the Bench; the Anti-Tobacco League; the Society for the Suppression of Sodas; the Past Grand Masters of the Flamboyant Flamingoes; the "Shining Inaccessibles"; the Ancient Orders of Goose; the cohorts of Cuckoo and Dada and Psychoanaylsis; the Guardians of the Higher learning; the American Academy of Arts and Letters—

The number of prospects who await only the suave approach of our salesmen is staggering—it verges on the fabulous mathematics of infinity. We can rise, my dear sirs, to wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus in the gootle trade.

Except for one difficulty, admitting which I withdraw. None of these prospects knows he needs a gootle. None of them would buy.

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

INASMUCH as I am technically what is termed "business man," I feel somehow qualified to talk anent the tribe.

The pedestallation of magnate and financier in fiction is an old story. My concern is not with such magnificently impossible fellows one comes upon in the novels of Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips and Theodore Dreiser. Certainly no more fascinatingly romantic figure was ever than Frank Algernon Cowperwood, superman extraordinary of "The Financier," "The Titan" and the belated "Bulwark" (is it?) trilogy. Magnificent rogues of the Cowperwood stamp are not to be found stalking asphalt in Wall and La Salle streets. These are surely but the Promethean conceptions of harassed and inhibited minds, with an eye on the dollar, at that. A Cowperwood, in flesh, rampant today would evoke as great a sensation as the unconvincing hero of W. L. George's "Caliban" (in flesh) let loose, say, on the community of Atlanta, Georgia. Charming, gorgeous fellows, these—brilliant, spangled devils living superbly, dangerously, in a world of limping manikins. The comet is phenomenon, extraordinary. The comet boys, the super-extraordinaries mentioned, blaze their way splendidly

through the pages of fiction, but, rarely, if ever, "come to life."

There is, however, a type not comet, but planetary, the super-moron I shall name him, who does appear, not only in life, but also in literature. I refer, with a grand gesture, to the columns of the *American Magazine* and the late lamented *Leslie's Weekly*. Herein you find immortalized for steno, bank clerk and tall-hearted sales men and ladies that supermoron—the American business man, in all his glorious naiveté. Immortalized it is true through process of crystalization got by contact with hack interviewers, but immortalized just the same, photo and all, beyond recognition and wildest dream of family circle. What a moment it must be when Henry Bloodworth, vice-president of the S. O. S. Lines, reads his life and adventures as glossed by the facile gentleman assigned to the job. He reads of rapid rise from brakeman to telegrapher, thence to superintendency, freight agent, thence and thence up and up the ladder of success to topmost rung, where now he sits, quite uncomfortably nonetheless, sweating in the sun of his achievement. What a lesson this to despondent young brakemen with a commendable itch for better pay and snugger berths: *Even as did Henry Bloodworth, even so may I.* Certainly the bible of pushing proletariat has become these muck mediums of periodicaldom, exploiting the "how-he-did-it" of that supermoron de luxe, the American business man.

Thus in literature. In life, not so bad. In life, despite the fact that the A. B. M. rarely attains to the general culture of a clever highschool girl, he does sometimes, perhaps because of his naive outlook, more or less entertain—the observer. I am reminded of an experience in my Chicago selling days. I represented a bond house, at the time very anxious to get to a certain "mighty" who had managed to shut himself off from the omnipresent salesman. He was, viewed through the journalistic lens, one of the four or five "biggest" men in America in point of wealth, power and sagacity. Marshalling what bravado I possessed, I proceeded to his place of business. On entrance a liveried flunkey greeted me condescendingly and queried my errand. Upon being informed that I desired to see *the* Mr. Packenheimer he gave me to understand that *the* Mr. Packenheimer saw no one except by appointment. The flunkey's manner irritated me to the extent of elbowing him aside and making my way grandly through outer offices to the very door of great Packenheimer's sanctum. I had, through the medium of a friend in the service of the house, secured a mental picture of the premises and so knew the exact locale of sanctum. Dobbs in hand, I entered, ignoring secretary and amazed look on Packenheimer's pink countenance. "How do you do, sir?" I said as blandly as I could. "Mr. Chivers," said he to secretary, "who is this man? How did he come here?" "Mr. Packenheimer," I interjected, "allow me to answer that question to you personally. Smathers is my name, Narcisse Smathers. I represent Willys, White and Company, municipal bonds. I have come..." "Show the man out, Chivers!"... Well, to make a long tale terse, I sat down calmly in the great man's presence and talked to him about Venetian laces, witchcraft and kindred subjects for an hour and a half. We parted

friends, mind you, friends. Wee me and the mighty Packenheimer. But no sale... no sale...

This illustration, slight and inconsistent in the fact that it is "one on me," shows kernel to nut of the big American business man. He is, in fine, a pathetic, baffled fellow—a pseudo-sportsman, a dabbler in dainties, an aborted minnesinger... call him connoisseur, dilettante, amateur yachtsman, big game hunter, as you please... behind the mask one glimpses a terrible lonely soul chock full of sentiment, self-love and self-pity. Prick him on the heel and you have him. Poor devil, his soft spot is so often so patent you hesitate to prick at all. Perhaps it is an injustice to call him supermoron. Better perhaps something else or anything else, if it is necessary to label him. For me I both love and pity the fellow in his own kind.

Generalizations are always impertinent and, like arguments, futile. I bow off the stage, absurdly and rather apologetically with *I am one of your kidney, gentlemen.*

WE REPORT A FISTIC EVENT

NOTHING is more amusing than a literary prize fight. Mr. H. L. Mencken and Mr. Walter Lippman are staging a hot one in the pages of *The Smart Set* and *The New Republic* respectively. Taking the publication of Lippman's "Public Opinion" as a casus belli, Mr. M., after the customary preliminary handshake, leads off with a jab to the solar plexus. He calls Walter a liberal and throws him in with the ante bellum Democrats. The taste of blood makes him prance. He kids Walt about his trust in the mob, his pathetic faith in barbers and greengrocers. The gong sounds. It is Mencken's round. With a flourish he tells in the intermission of his proposed guide to governors, paraphrasing Aldous Huxley's Scogan in "Crome Yellow," whose words are remarkably fresh in his mind. He would pick a few select men to govern the world and they would lord it over the others by kidding them to death, telling them what big boys they are, and then make them behave by making a horrid face at them...

Clang! Walter Lippman steps out. He calls H. L. M. a good philologist, a one-eyed critical bull in a literary china emporium, an innocent little boy in knickers who calls names from behind a fence. "Who are the elect?" says Mr. L. with little jabs, "not the professors, nor the politicians, nor the liberals. We know what Mr. Mencken thinks of *them*... That leaves (here a terrific double uppercut) Mr. Mencken, Mr. Nathan and (a body blow) Mr. Knopf, their publisher. Also a few thousand readers of *The Smart Set.*" Henry goes to the ropes, but does not quite fall. And then Walter dances around unable to follow up his advantage. I had to leave, unable to await the third round, to write up my report. I left them clinched with the crowd yelling to the referee "Break 'em—break 'em!"

Nightingale

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

Night winds beat my naked flesh.
Waves of air rush over me.
The young moon stands among frozen clouds;
Far off as death burn the ice sparkles which are stars.
A wall of rough black pines
Cuts the pale sky.

Your voice—
Ah, chastest, coldest thing!
The brief shrill clang of ice on glass,
The note of fragile metal sharply struck,
The lapse of waters.
Ah, virginal delight!
The woods hold you
And the boughs frozen with dew.

This is no love-song,
No breath of wine and summer flowers,
No murmur of desire;
But such a hymn,
Fierce, lonely and untamed,
As the Troezenian hunter sang
Before the marble shrine.

So wild a song once rose
From the women of Artemis
In some cold hidden valley
Where trees sombrely ringed
A black lake and cold mist glided
As the first moon-rays
Glittered through clouds.

Those foam-frail girls
Greek sailors saw beyond their prows,
Whose flesh was cooled by the waves' heart,
Whose veins ran spray of the storm,
Sang this song
As dawn stood grey on the sea's rim.

But this is no love-song,
No echo of kisses.

Personal Memories of John Butler Yeats

By KATHARINE TYNAN

SOMETIME in June, 1885, I had my first meeting with W. B. Yeats. It came about in this way. Mr. C. H. Oldham, a Scholar of Trinity College and a very revolutionary one according to the ideas of the dons of that day, was about to edit the *Dublin University Review*, a magazine which had nothing to do with the ancient University of Queen Elizabeth beyond its name. He had come to see me at my old home, Whitehall, Clondalkin, and had introduced himself with characteristic bluntness.

"I didn't come to see you for the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Miss Tynan, but I'm getting out a magazine, and I want you to write for it."

He proceeded in the most business-like way to expound his magazine and the other people who were to write for it.

"I've got a queer youth named Yeats. He's written a thing called 'The Island of Statues.' I'm more interested in prose than poetry, but I'm told he's a fine poet."

Not long afterwards he arrived with the poet. W. B., then twenty years of age, was a tall, loosely-hung, angular boy, with very expressive brown eyes and an eager, gentle manner. I do not think the starveling beard which may be seen in his father's sketch of him forming the frontispiece to that literary rarity "Mosada"[2] then existed. He was very dark, as he is today, with hair raven black, but his cheeks still kept the colour which is apt to pass with boyhood, and his lips were red. Altogether he had a queer exotic beauty very uninsular. Anything more unlike his companion of that day could not well be imagined. They had walked from Dublin, talking all the way. Willie, if he had not been so gentle and so easily quelled, might have been classed in those days among the intemperate talkers. Mr. Oldham, I remember, mentioned that when they walked together he had to insist that Willie should keep the opposite side of the road else they were always colliding. In the conversation of that long past day he was constantly putting back the poet on his own side of the road, contradicting him, blowing upon his bubbles, taking the wind out of his sails, but always with an air of amused indulgence which said: "Of course you are a genius, but beyond that you are rather an absurd person."

I went to England in the autumn of that year, and I think my great friendship with the Yeats family must have begun in the following summer, or perhaps spring. By that time the *Dublin University Review* was in being, and very excellent it was. It was not to have a long life. Trinity College looked at it enviously across the roaring Dublin street that divided them. The moment came when it could repudiate the insolent youngster that dared to take its name. It seems almost incredible now that the opportunity came in the publication of a too free translation of a pastoral of Anacreon. The Trinity dons covered their abashed faces. As soon

as they could speak they made a public repudiation of the Review—as though anyone would suspect them of fathering a thing so alive and so literary.

It was all good, the *Dublin University Review,* and it had the crowning glory of introducing W. B. Yeats to the world.

I believe I met J. B. Yeats first at his studio, 7 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. I may say with pride and humility that almost immediately I was taken to the collective Yeats bosom. I am sure that I had not been a quarter of an hour in the studio in that first visit before Mr. Yeats had me up on the dais and was painting me.

He painted me all through that summer of 1886, and I daresay into the winter, though I remember only golden days. I was one of the non-paying sitters. He was painting all his friends for nothing, and suffering agonies of mind when a business proposition came his way, if he did not like the sitter. I have known him to flee precipitately to London to avoid painting a well-known lady, and to lie there perdue till the danger had blown over, when he came back stealthily.

His family never objected to these unbusiness-like ways, although they so very nearly concerned its members. I am not sure that it did not delight in them because they were his. Mencius, the Chinese Sage, has written: "He is the truly wise man who has never lost the love of his children." Then was John Butler Yeats justified of his unwise wisdom. His children adored him to the end, and could find no flaw in him: and his friends agreed with his children.

The studio was a most delightful place. I used to arrive in those days of happy leisure, when I had worlds enough and time for what I would do, once or twice a week, about eleven o'clock, and I used to sit for hours. I generally found Willie there when I arrived. He was still an art student, and he used to work quietly in a corner, joining in the conversation from time to time. His sisters came in some time during the morning; they also were art students. Jack was then living in Sligo with his grandparents, and one only saw him at long intervals.

During the afternoon all sorts of people used to come to the studio. Other artists,—oh, I must have sat during the Autumn, for I remember Walter Osborne coming in one morning and asking me how the country looked, and my trying to tell him about the hoar frost melting to dew on the grass, and the blue distances. Other artists came—not Orpen, he must have been later. All sorts of writers came, and those who were making the new movement in Ireland, and old patriots and leaders of the people like John O'Leary, who came in one morning when I was sitting and made me of his friendship at once. I remember Sir Charles Gavan Duffy there, and a meeting later at the Shelbourne, when John O'Leary took Rose Kavanagh and me to talk to the other patriots, and we found there Stephen Gwynn, then an Oxford undergraduate, who was nibbling at the National idea and a person of great interest to the two old leaders, because he was William Smith O'Brien's grandson, and the inheritor of the blood of the great Dalcassian chiefs.

Mr. Yeats was so profoundly interested in human nature that everybody brought not only themselves but everyone else to see him, sure of his welcome. I brought all manner of odd people, and

he found something to like in them all, in which he has a successor in "A. E."

Once it was an American woman journalist, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan. Women-journalists of her kind were rare enough at the time to give her a factitious interest, though there were plenty who were reporting fashions and entertainments. Of course Emily Crawford was still in full swing and she, I think, was the woman-journalist Mrs. Sullivan would have liked to stand beside. Not that there was any comparison between them. Mrs. Sullivan was so American that she might have set herself to live up to the most extravagant delineation of her type. She was doubtless a very able woman, but she was ponderous in the extreme, and she talked of herself and America in superlatives. She was correspondent for some American syndicate, and she announced herself as representing seven thousand American newspapers. She wrote in words of three syllables and she talked as she wrote, yet apart from the woman-journalist, she was pleasant and witty, and she was agreeable to look at. Mr. Yeats was quite pleased with her. She had been visiting some Paris studios and of course he was interested in what she had to say. I remember that he talked about the mission of Art, and she flashed at him "Your patrons, sir, would tell you that it was not your mission you had to think about, but your commission."

The other painters used to implore me to take away my portrait from him before he had spoilt it. He was given fatally to over-painting, and when a portrait had been wrested from him he was always trying to get it back, to alter something or other, which meant beginning to paint it over again.

However, my portrait did not suffer from its long painting. Sir Hugh Lane counted it as among Mr. Yeats's finest portraits. He had a very nice garment to paint me in, a Redfern coat, black with touches of brown and crimson in the alternate stripes, clasped at the neck and waist with old clasps, and showing the scarlet silk lining in the open sleeves and the pouched bodice. Mr. Yeats thoroughly approved of the garment which did not alter, unlike my "fringe" which had to be cut at intervals during the long sitting.

"You've been cutting that fringe of yours again," he used to growl at me.

Another artist, Miss Sarah Purser, was present one day when he made the complaint and defended me characteristically.

"Why, if she hadn't cut her fringe since she has been sitting to you, Mr. Yeats, it would have been to her feet," she said.

The picture was shown at the Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition in 1887. I remember the ordeal it was when on the opening day, I, wearing the identical Redfern coat, had to endure being stared at by people who looked at the portrait then at me, and back at the portrait.

When the portrait came home my St. Bernard, Pat, coming into my pretty room, where it stood against the wall, went up to it and licked the painted hand. Mr. Yeats was greatly pleased about that recognition. It was the only time I have known a dog to recognize a picture. A dog has no sense at all about even the most living photograph, but there, doubtless, it is the lack of colour which stands in the way.

Very often I went home with the Yeatses, and stayed the night at their

house. It was a great time for literary gatherings of one kind or other. Willie squired me assiduously to these, and to political meetings of a mild kind. There was the Protestant Home Rule Association which had been brought into being by the indefatigable Mr. Oldham. At one of its meetings I saw for the first time Maude Gonne in her incomparable young beauty, easily the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with a lovely voice.

There was also the Contemporary Club, another foundation of Mr. Oldham's where Dublin worthies met once a week for literary and scientific, and social and political discussion, and to meet and listen to the personages who came to Dublin from time to time and were always roped in by the energetic secretary of the Club.

Then there were At Homes at the houses of various members of the circle —at the O'Learys', at Dr. Sigerson's, at the house of William Johnston of Ballykilbeg, the Orangeman who won the affection of any Irish Papist that came near enough to him. Our hosts there were the Orange leader's sons and daughters strange shoots from the Orange stock, all Theosophists and other queer things. Ballykilbeg himself used to come in and stare mild-eyed, over his long silken beard, at the queer people, the Fenians and Socialists and Theosophists, and worst of all the Papists his children had caught to their bosom. Charles Johnston married later Madame Blavatsky's niece, shamelessly departing from the rule of celibacy which he had inculcated on the other young Theosophists. He announced his apostacy with the easy and charming assurance which belonged to him. "She is my excuse," he wrote, "they have only to see her."

It went hard I think with A. E., a very young catechumen of Theosophy. He heard the tale first from me and was incredulous. He thought I was playing a trick on him. I had been rather irreverent about Theosophy and the celibate vow.

I don't remember A. E. at these gatherings, though he must have been at some of them. I remember him best at my own fireside on winter Sundays, but that must have been, I think, after the Yeatses had gone back to London, which they did in the winter of 1887-88, or was it a year earlier?

The Yeatses were living then at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin. Any house they ever inhabited must be delightful—the walls thickly covered with pictures and sketches, books everywhere, and a spirit of kindly hospitality, the conversation of life as well as of letters. Mrs. Yeats had been a Pollexfen of Sligo, a Devonshire family which had been settled in the West of Ireland town for many generations. It was perhaps by reason of their Devonshire blood that they were ship-owners and very often seamen on their own vessels. They were also mill-owners, and many other things. Mrs. Yeats was a very gentle little woman, much beloved by her husband and family. I think the Devonshire blood stirred in her to the end. I remember that when she made me a gift it was of Devonshire lace. She was even then rather invalidish, I think, and the establishment was run by Rose, one of those Irish servants who share all the fortunes, good or ill, of the family they serve. Rose had been with the Yeatses many years at that time, and that is more than thirty years ago. She is with the Yeats daughters still. Mr. Yeats used to say that Rose was afraid

of none of them, but they were all afraid of Rose. They were her children. She used to take the family funds and lay them out to the best advantage. Because of Rose, Mr. Yeats had a high opinion of the domestic servant. We used to say that he saw them through rose-coloured glasses, when he could not believe that our English servants could be unsatisfactory.

I remember Sunday visits from Mr. Yeats and his daughters—I think Willie must have been in Sligo that Summer of 1886—for he is not in the picture. The two pretty girls, dark-haired and exquisitely fresh in their pink and blue summer frocks, made by their own clever hands with the assistance of Rose, the father, careless in attire, his bright eyes above his beard keenly alert and interested in all they saw. He was immensely taken with my father, and the attraction was mutual. We had a very plentiful house. I remember the Yeats girls saying that it was the only house where they ever got enough green peas and cream.

Mr. Yeats used to say, looking at the little quiet mother-bird: "I always knew that she would be the mother of a poet." That too, I suppose, was of Devonshire. I am sure that Sligo and the Pollexfens' ships and the wharves and quays and tarry ropes and warehouses, all contributed largely to the shaping of W. B. Yeats. The Pollexfens and romance were synonymous to the minds of the Yeats boys and girls as they grew.

Mr. Yeats was very sensible of the quality of his son's genius. At a time when all the Worldly Wisemans—and women—including myself—were anxious that Willie "should get something to do," his father stood out against any regular employment, saying that it would spoil Willie's work, and he was quite right, of course, but, very soon, Willie was doing all manner of chores in literature, editing cheap editions and writing introductions to them of the rarest quality, making collections and selections, writing articles in all manner of places from the *Scots Observer* to *The Gael,* a high-minded but abominably printed and very impecunious Dublin journal, doing reviews in between producing his poetry and having it published in all kinds of unlikely places. The *Leisure House* and the *Irish Monthly* at one pole: the *Scots Observer* at the other—all the time living keenly, rather delicate in body but drinking deep draughts of intellectual life.

He has inherited from his father something of the way of regarding life as a picture and people as portraits, but in the son's case it is a far more withdrawn and less sympathetic aloofness than was the case with Mr. Yeats. Neither had nor have any condemnation for human follies or foibles. I remember Mr. Yeats meeting at our house, after I was married and settled in London, a man who was in the stage of drunkenness which is high-flown and insolent. He was a distinguished scholar, and had every reason to be proud of his scholarship. But in his unfortunate condition he chose to make Mr. Yeats the subject of his contempt. He treated him as of the ignorant and common kind. It was rather painful, but I can now see Mr. Yeats with his face of keen and sympathetic understanding, too interested, too aloof for patience. When at last we were alone —the door had barely closed behind our unhappy visitor before Mr. Yeats burst out about the magnificent brow, the fine features, the splendid insolence. I am

sure he wanted to paint the scholar in his cups, just as he was. Not a barb of the insolence but had delighted him.

He was writing stories in those days when I sat to him. He was reading Dumas, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, George Sand, DeMaupassant, "Madame Bovary," and some of the French writers. But his literary expression was to be in his letters, as it was in his talk, his overflowing talk and letters which were concerned with all manner of subjects. It is the measure of him that he wrote long letters of literary discussion and appraisement to his son, from America. I imagine that very few letters of the kind are written in our days. One has to go back to Chesterfield and Madame de Sevigné.

I was again with the Yeatses in London, where Mr. Yeats had his inevitable circle. They lived at Bedford Park where abide various celebrities. Artists, poets, politicians came and went. Stepniak was one of the visitors. William Morris was not too far away at Hammersmith Mall, and Lily Yeats by this time was working with May Morris at embroidery, the embroidery which she has since turned to beautiful account. Henley had his group of young men about him, at the *National* (late *Scots*) *Observer*, John Lane and the Bodley Head were on the horizon. The activity of the nineties was beginning in all the literary nests.

Mr. Yeats was working away at black and white illustration, painting in between. He was enjoying every bit of his life, as he always did. He saw an immense deal in his friends, especially his women friends. He could make a whole story out of very little, and a romance on small foundations, and he loved to add to his repertoire. In the late summer of 1889, before I went home after a long visit to London, I sat to him again, this time for a water-colour portrait. It was East Wind weather, and the portrait has got the colour of the East Wind into it. I remember one of the female friends, an actress with a tragic story, coming in and making Bovril for us against the cold. It was like, but not so good as the old studio days.

York Powell was a very frequent visitor, a burly man with the look of a sailor, to which he played up by wearing navy-blue clothes of a nautical cut. Mr. Yeats had an unbounded admiration for him; but I doubt that York Powell was as much of a four-square man as Mr. Yeats imagined.

After I was married and living at Ealing, Mr. Yeats and York Powell were frequent visitors. Ealing was then countrified, and we heard the sheep-bell in the fields beyond the garden. We were in the very last row of houses with only fields between us and Harrow. Mr. Yeats and York Powell found me in the garden on a beautiful hot afternoon of the Great Summer of 1893. They stayed on after my husband had returned from his coaching work at Maguire's in Earl's Court Square. They were still there when the dinner-bell rang. There was only salt-beef for dinner, I had not been expecting guests. Timorously we asked if they could eat salt beef. York Powell said it was his favorite dish. Mr. Yeats looked at him with affectionate admiration. He had always an air of trotting out his friends. "It is York Powell's favourite dish," he repeated joyfully.

At Ealing he did a sketch portrait of my father—to the life. It occupied the best part of three days. York Powell

was there at least one whole sitting. My father talked in a steady flow. When you got him on to the old Dublin life, and his grandfather's memories of the life in Wicklow, he was well worth listening to. I looked in now and again. York Powell and my father were smoking like chimneys, Mr. Yeats painting away, looking from the picture to the face of the sitter. York Powell said afterwards it was like a Saga. My father would begin to tell the story of a person, a family, a group of families. He would branch off from one story and return again. York Powell never spoke. Now and again Mr. Yeats would seek elucidation. "What became of So-and-So, far back in the Saga?" My father would take his pipe out of his mouth and say: "I'm coming to that. Damn it, man, can't you let me tell the story my own way and not be interrupting me?"

Mr. Yeats was very angry with us when we left Ealing and went to live at Notting Hill. He said that when he went to see people he liked to turn his face away from London, and reported with a sad triumph that York Powell had said, "What are they living there for? I can't go to see them there."

Mr. Yeats did come to see us at the obnoxious Crescent. He was becoming rather prickly Irish, as the Irish have a way of becoming when they live among the English. I remember a day when I lay in bed with a new baby on my arm, and downstairs controversy raged over a certain article of mine in the *Westminster*, a literal report of a thing seen, in which an Irish peasant woman and her London-Irish nephews figured. Mr. Yeats objected to my description of the latter. He denounced me as anti-Irish, entirely without reason. John O'Leary was present. My husband was trying to argue the case for me. John O'Leary, who had been sitting in silence at last intervened, "I don't care what she wrote, or what she says," he put in, "it doesn't matter, for her heart's in the right place."

No one ever loved Mr. Yeats the less, but rather the more for his patriotic unreason. A little later during the Boer War, his denunciation of English aggression in South Africa sent York Powell, who was an ardent Englishman, flying out of the house without his hat.

The Yeats family returned to Ireland in 1902, and in 1908 he went on a brief visit to America from which he was always coming back, but he never did come back. He had seen a great many interesting things in Ireland between his return and his going to America. There had been the Dudley Viceroyalty with George Wyndham as Chief Secretary. For once, art and poetry were in high honour at the Dublin Court. Another great opportunity of material success came to him. He had a chance, nay, a prospect, of being Court painter to an extraordinarily interesting group of men. He had painted Lord MacDonnell; he was to paint the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary. The ball was at his foot, but he was not one to kick it. I have heard that a very candid exposition of the reasons why the Abbey Theatre should not give a State-commanded performance before King Edward offended Lord Dudley, and the portraits were never painted. The prickly Irishism again.

It was just about the time of King Edward's visit in 1903 when I met John Redmond coming down the familiar stair from the studio as I went in. He was sitting to Mr. Yeats. Another open

door had come to Mr. Yeats—Hugh Lane had appeared—the ideal art patron. But destiny or something else sent him on that wholly unexpected and amazing adventure which was to ring down the curtain on him in America. He had his circle, his circles there, and, as someone explained to me, circles were limited in Dublin and he might have come to an end of his interest in them, while in America there were circles beyond circles.

One little story of him, and I am done. When Mrs. Yeats died, he being in London and I in Dublin, I wrote to him a letter of sympathy. He replied with much affection, saying that he had known what to expect from me, but passing on to ask why I had not told him some Dublin news, something of all our mutual friends and acquaintances. It might so easily have been misunderstood, but a man who had met him at our house in London said to me later: "Do you know I did such an awful thing the other day? I met Yeats in the street and not knowing Mrs. Yeats was dead, I asked him how she was. He just stared at me, burst into tears and ran away. I never felt such a brute in all my life."

He would have asked for news of his friends and the world on his deathbed. He wanted the friendly, human, intimate things that would bring his friends before him as they lived. His daughter said to me when she knew I was writing to him: "Tell him what I was wearing; what I said; where I was going to; anything that will make him see me. That is what papa wants."

It makes it poignant that he should have died in America while he was still talking of return.

Jane Horner

By RICHARD KIRK

She sat in a corner and never said a word,
The timidest sweet soul in all creation;
The Lord's called her to him—which proves beyond a doubt, I think,
That he doesn't care at all for conversation.

A Dialogue Between Two Candles

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

FIRST Candle—Why are we here?

Second Candle—In the long box lies a dead man.

First Candle—Why must we keep our eyes wide open?

Second Candle—We must watch.

First Candle—What?

Second Candle—That his soul do not depart from the earth.

First Candle—What is a soul?

Second Candle—A soul is a grey-winged moth that desires to fly to Heaven.

First Candle—What is Heaven?

Second Candle—Heaven is the blue canopy studded with stars.

First Candle—I do not understand.

Second Candle—Nor do I. But I first opened my long white eye over a large book the dead man had read, and I saw there many curious things.

First Candle—There are too many restless shadows. It was so quiet and cool before.

Second Candle—It will be quiet and cool again—later.

First Candle—Why do you speak so sadly?

Second Candle—Because of the things I saw in the large book.

First Candle—What did you see in the large book?

Second Candle—I saw that candles have their eyes open only a short while.

First Candle—And then?

Second Candle—Then—they close them forever.

First Candle—So much the better. I shall be cool and quiet again.

Second Candle—You shall not be at all.

First Candle—What do you mean?

Second Candle—Your eye shall burn you out, and you shall be as though you had never been.

First Candle—I do not understand.

Second Candle—Nor do I. But this is what the large book said. And for this I am sad.

First Candle—Your voice is more restless than the shadows.

Second Candle—It said: The candle that opens its eye, shall flicker a while, and melt, and be no more.

First Candle—I do not understand.

Second Candle—I am sad.

First Candle—When the man rises from the long box, and looks into his book once more, you will see how we can open our eyes, again and again.

Second Candle—He will never rise.

First Candle—Why?

Second Candle—He is dead?

First Candle—What is dead?

Second Candle—He, too, was a candle—a very large candle—he opened his eye a while—and then closed it—and he is no more.

First Candle—Have we souls, too?

Second Candle—Yes.

First Candle—What are our souls?

Second Candle—Our souls are blue butterflies dancing above us in circles.

First Candle—Shall our souls go to Heaven?

Second Candle—Our souls are devoured by the great mouth of the wind.

First Candle—Who is the wind?

Second Candle—I do not know.

First Candle—What does the large book say about the wind?

Second Candle—The wind devoureth all.

First Candle—Why is the wind so cruel?

Second Candle—The wind has a large mouth.

First Candle—And then?

Second Candle—The white feet of Summer step upon the wind.

First Candle—Is the wind dead?

Second Candle—The wind devoureth the white feet of Summer.

First Candle—And then?

Second Candle—There is nothing else save the wind—

First Candle—That devoureth all.

Second Candle—Here is the moth! Here is the grey-winged moth, the soul of the dead man! Do not let him fly away! Capture him! Open your eye wider—wider!

First Candle—My eye is open—wide—wide!

Second Candle—He has seen me! He is dancing about me! How wonderful!

First Candle—Now he is dancing about me.

Second Candle—I have bitten the tip of a wing.

First Candle—I have bitten a leg.

Second Candle—How he dances!

First Candle—How he clatters his wings!

Second Candle—Open your eye wider! Let him not fly away!

First Candle—He cannot fly away! We are as chains about him!

Second Candle—He shall never go to Heaven!

First Candle—Never!

Second Candle—He is weary.
First Candle—He cannot dance so swiftly.
Second Candle—He has only one wing.
First Candle—And no legs.
Second Candle—I have bitten his wing!
First Candle—I have touched his head!
Second Candle—Still he dances!
First Candle—He is wonderful!
Second Candle—Dance on, beautiful moth!
First Candle—Dance, soul of the dead man!
Second Candle—You shall never go to Heaven!
First Candle—You shall lie quiet and cool.
Second Candle—He can hardly turn.
First Candle—His wing is half-bitten.
Second Candle—His head is half-devoured.
First Candle—He has fallen at our feet.
Second Candle—He turns slowly on his belly.
First Candle—We cannot reach him with our eyes.
Second Candle—We do not need to.
First Candle—He is quiet.
Second Candle—Soon he will be cool.
First Candle—The man's soul has not gone to Heaven.
Second Candle—The man's soul is quiet and cool at our feet.
First Candle—Our eyes are mighty.
Second Candle—Our eyes burn the souls of men.

(LATER)

First Candle—My eye is very weary.
Second Candle—My eye opens and closes.
First Candle—Our souls are blue butterflies.
Second Candle—Butterflies dancing in circles.
First Candle—Where are our souls?
Second Candle—They are in the mouth of the wind.
First Candle—His teeth are very sharp.
Second Candle—His teeth are very long.
First Candle—I will not close my eye.
Second Candle—I shall keep mine wide open.
First Candle—We shall bite the wind.
Second Candle—As we bit the moth.
First Candle—We shall turn about him—
Second Candle—Like a chain.
First Candle—He shall fall at our feet.
Second Candle—At our white feet—
First Candle—Quiet—
Second Candle—Cool—

First Candle—My eye closes and opens.
Second Candle—The shadows tremble about me.
First Candle—My eye closes—and—
Second Candle—The shadows are very black.
First Candle—My eye closes—and—
Second Candle—The shadows are very heavy.
First Candle—The wind's teeth are very sharp.
Second Candle—The wind's teeth are very long.
First Candle—The wind bites our souls.
Second Candle—The wind devoureth our souls.
First Candle—My eye closes—and—
Second Candle—The shadows—
First Candle—My eye—
Second Candle—The shadows—
First Candle—Wind—
Second Candle—Devoureth all—

Mardi Gras Night---Panama

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

The plumage of the jungle overgrows
This town between the jungle and the sea;
The tom-tom booms upon each wind that blows
And ship-lights blink red eyes of wizardry.
Behind the masks are faces we have known,
But eyes flash lures that were not seen before.
What island princess of lost ebon throne
Thrills with vain conquest of her tribe once more!

This night revives in blood from Martinique,
From all changed islands of the Caribbees,
Barbaric raptures hidden in the meek,
Deep down as treasures in the pirate seas...
What madness in us answers, and revives
Some wistfulness that haunts us all our lives!

The Naked, The Nude and The Undrest

By HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

UNHABILIMENTED man in the face of the Universe, confronting Life, confronting Death, confronting his habilimented fellows—there you have a terrible, potent, yet pathetic symbol! A moth in the face of the moon, a mote in the mouth of the Abyss, a helpless Thing—an accused, misprized one, guilty of life, bored through by the focus of innumerable javelin-like glances, shot from cold, contracted pupils. The "forked radish"—lividly alive. And yet, if he be held erect by the thought of his innate majesty and birthright, this Liliputian before the bar of the Ogres is the only free man, the only liberated one—not the cast-away but the caster-away of civilization. He is an aspirant for the first innocence, a candidate for Eden in the very core of Tophet.

This truth came to Lear in the terrible clairvoyance of the thunder-hammered moor: "Off, off! you lendings!" Shakespeare, Blake, Carlyle, Whitman, had glimpses of this truth—that raiment is bondage, even when it is protection or decoration or decorum. And the Adamites praised their God as he had made them—offered him his own handiwork, their naked bodies, as prayers. The wardrobe—the robe that wards—has actually become the ward-robe, the *garderobe*, a box in which we stand imprisoned body and soul—a repertory of regalia under which we stagger and our purses bleed. Where remains our corporeal conscience? Where the body's right to self-determination? Worse still, the wardrobe has become the uniform—the uniform—whether it be the civilian one in all its tubular monotony, or the military one, no longer redeemed by color and gold—the unlovely badge of murder, buff or grey. But my theme is not clothes, but the lack of them—the freedom from them.

When the Revolution broke over Germany and four-and-twenty crowns and coronets — imperial, royal, princely, grand-ducal and ducal—fell tinkling and glittering before the feet of the proletriat, there was a sudden rage for discarding the old forms, for stripping off decorations, for unmasking conventions, for general self-exposure.

"Brother! behold my flaming heart," cried the Socialist idealist—"whose oil is my own life blood!"—and tore his solitary shirt in twain.

"Be embraced, ye millions!" shouted the Communist, quoting Schiller and pocketing a hand-grenade, "here's a kiss for all the world!"

Not even the Armistice, not even Versailles, could dampen this passion for delving to the roots of things, for denudation. Similar phenomena were observed during phases of the Middle Ages, and again during the French Revolution. What was Reason? A naked woman. What Truth? Another. *Eh bien*, proclaim them through the streets.

In Germany the puritanic restraints imposed by the old régime and especially by the Victorian morality of the Court, broke down. Literature, the graphic

arts, the theatre and the dance were seized by the dervish whirl of "freedom." The new Socialistic Germany saw its own face, its own flag in this red dawn that rose all around the horizon, and failed to see that it was only a mirage, the reflex of its own blood, a sinister nebula that hung like a crimsoned sponge over its head—and not the star of Bethlehem nor the aurora of hope. It was the phantom of its own faith in that world dispensation—"a world made safe for democracy." Woman was "liberated" and given political rights greater than those which men enjoyed in any other land. And sex, as I have said, was also liberated. It met the huge wave of masculinity flooding homeward after long asceticism in the field, and flung up a fountain of eroticism which produced phenomena that oscillated between crystal and slime, between inspired art and scabrous pornography.

It was not always easy to draw the distinction between the true muse and the muse of mud. The police did not arrogate to themselves the functions of censors of art. Curt Corinth's amazing book, a flaming expressionistic lyrical kind of "Rake's Progress" called "Bordell" was sold by the tens of thousands. Schnitzler's "Reigen"—that saddening chain of light loves, was put on the stage and resulted in the famous lawsuit. The dance, the neoclassic, the esoteric, the grotesque, the exotic and erotic, grew bolder and bolder. The sultry atmosphere of political fever, economic unrest and private desperation, demanded forgetfulness and nervous titillation, and these the shedding of all textile husks. The evolution and devolution of the modern dance in Germany went on—proceeding from the famous school of Eurhythmics at Hellerau, and in still higher spheres from the teachings of that gifted philosopher of the dance, Rudolf von Laban, who has placed the dancing man in the very center of life and the cosmos as an instrument of registration and expression. The bare feet and bare legs were but a beginning.

There had, to be sure, been a cult of *Nackt-Kultur* before the war, but this had smacked largely of sanatoria, of sun-baths and half-hygienic, half-esthetic and even pedagogic fads. There had also been *Nackt-Tänze,* such as the famous Sword Dance of Olga Desmond, arrayed only in a diadem, a narrow girdle and a flood of colored light. There had also been the "Golden Venus," covered from head to foot in gold bronze, who appeared in public under the tutelage of an artist named Franz Thoma. But there were concessions to the variety stage in these.

At the beginning of 1920 a dancer by the name of Celly de Rheidt suddenly made her appearance in Berlin. In private life she was a Frau Seveloh, the wife of a first lieutenant. She presented her "Beauty Ballet," and called it a *Kammer,* that is a Chamber, Dance. These dances were given with the assistance of her pupils before small audiences in the smaller concert-rooms, and to an accompaniment of music and light which lifted them into the region of a quasi-art. This effect was reinforced by the evident sincerity of this priestess of the dance of primitive purity and simplicity, the semi-scholarly lecture with which her husband introduced the dances, and the unquestionable grace and beauty of her mature yet lily-like body—a phenomenon of litheness and

slenderness a trifle in contradiction to her no longer girlish face.

The dances were more than a success, they were a sensation, and Celly de Rheidt thereupon ventured before a larger public upon a larger stage. Here, too, illusion remained. The barrier of the stage-ramp, the invisible curtain of air that severs actor or dancer from spectator, the atmospheric play of light and color, gave glamour to this nudity. And glamour is often as good as a garment. Many imitators sprang up. Other dancers discarded the last rag. To the discriminate observer, to the artist and to all who are capable of scenting out the genuine and the spurious in art, there was something rather wearisome and unstirring in these dances, many of them performed by pretty, but green, undisciplined tyros. The naked female body, even when young and shapely, is not always an esthetic or erotic miracle, as those of us who have drawn from the nude in life classes, know all too well. In the Apollo Theater "Natura" ballets were given in which flashing white flesh was paraded wholesale before the amusement-hungry metropolitan mob—spectacles in which art, spelled with a capital M, was as thin a pretense as some of the smoke-like veils that were fluttered about by these nymphs in their Panic caperings.

Finally Celly de Rheidt began to appear in the more expensive *luxus kabaretts* which her appearance caused to become still more expensive. The lure of tall piles of paper-marks was evidently not to be resisted by this priestess of beauty unadorned, of the plastic, rhythmic religion of the dance. The thing at once took on another aspect, and this led to her undoing. Was a silk-panelled, mahogany-finished "bar" with soft lights, gypsy music, cigarette-smoke drifting in layers, with liqueurs smouldering like jewels in the glasses, with the plumaged female *de luxe* of the night, with paunchy stock-jobbers, war-profiteers and foreigners living like pashas on their high-potential money, the proper place, the proper atmosphere for stark and holy nakedness? What had art to do with these leering satyrs from the hotel lobbies and the padded arm-chairs of the clubs—or they with art? What had induced these Herods with polished pates, in evening dress and in *alkohol-stimmung* to come and look upon this married Salome and her Dance Without the Veil? It may, of course, have been a pure enthusiasm for art *in excelsis*—after supper. It is doubtful whether Celly de Rheidt herself had ever appeared or had ever danced in the abandon of pure nakedness—the nakedness that forgets itself. But she had at least been honestly nude and had hedged about her performances with certain artistic restraints and the penumbra that comes from distance.

The rise in income and the descent in art were one with the lady and the old law fulfilled itself. The sensuous had become the sensual, the lascivious;—the mildly erotic the sootily sexual. And this change lay not so much in the dancer or the dances—with the possible exception of the notorious "Nun" dance—as in the environment, the audience and the purpose. The purpose on one side had been greed, the lust for gain—on the other the lust of the eye, in short, carnality. Thus corruption entered and all that had been aloof and austere in this revelation of the human body, this ritual of Nature and defiance of convention, suffered sabotage.

A mutual exhibitionism resulted. The

audiences were stripped as naked to the eye of the acute observer as the graceful woman bending and twisting on the small platform within arm's reach of the champagne-bibbers at the foremost tables. There was something Babylonian in the scene and it soon became sicklied over with the fatal tinge of the grotesque. Whatever there had been of the primitive, of the pagan, of the ecstatic, of nakedness as a cult, of nakedness glorified by the dance, of the dance glorified by nakedness, was cast off like the last thread. And every shred of gauze that was assumed but heightened the essential indecency of this ballet in this environment. Whilst Celly de Rheidt was dancing her sword dance, a sword was dancing over her head, attached by a hair thinner than any in her own silken mane. This sword, however, did not fall until some two years after she had made her appearance in Berlin.

Some time in December, 1921, Celly de Rheidt, her corps, her husband and the owners of the cabarets, were charged with conducting a performance detrimental to public morality and were haled before the law. And now a new form of exhibitionism exposed itself in this, as in the famous "Reigen" case—the puritanical-prurient, the journalistic-salacious, even the fanatical-religious. The exclusive cabaret performance became a public performance, a circus with all the nation for an audience. Experts, so-called, were called, artists, authors, clergymen—and all were expected to judge whether dance and dancer were to be cast into the limbo of crime or raised upon the altar of art. The public with its imagination prickled into a rash, smacked its lips over the spicy and pedantic discussion. Hair-splitting based upon abstractions, upon philosophical principles, upon moralistic and ethical problems in the best German manner followed.

But how could the Presiding Judge know whether the dances were immoral or not? Celly de Rheidt offered to prove the high artistic nature of her dances by performing them in open court—a parallel between ancient history and modern which was too good an opportunity to let pass. And forthwith a popular journalist and filmwright, Hans Brennert, wrote a glowing but somewhat left-handed panegyric upon *"Die Phryne von Schmargendorf"*—the Berlin suburb in which Celly de Rheidt lives. But this Phryne was not permitted to dazzle and confound the sober eyes and senses of the judges by weighing her so and so many pounds of snowy slenderness and grace against what was written in the bond of her indictment. The judges of Berlin in the twentieth century had taken warning of the fate of the judges of Athens in the fourth, and the first lieutenant's wife, unlike the beloved *hetaeria* of Praxiteles, was not permitted to make this last and deadly appeal *ad hominem.* Presiding Judge Jeep established his verdict upon the following argument:

> We must first ask ourselves whether the procedure which is under arraignment here, violates the normal sense of morality. The Court is of the opinion that those dances to which special attention has been called by the prosecution, cannot but violate the sense of shame of every normal human being, and this chiefly because of the wholly unmotivated nakedness which is exposed to view, and of the entire milieu in which the exposure takes place... This Court has returned a negative answer to the question as to whether the purely artistic factors predominated over the sexual and other factors, and has been supported in this answer by the almost unanimous opinion of the experts that these performances are not of a highly artistic nature... The impermissible in the action of this couple lies in their having descended from

the abode of art to the abode of mere amusement."

Celly de Rheidt was condemned to pay a fine of 21,000 marks, her husband one of 16,000.

Thus was the terpsichorean Venus clamped into the pillory of a public fine, thus were the sins of flesh and foot redeemed by so and so much of the government's own paper. But if Truth herself is naked—what of Justice, who "sees" with eyes that never are naked and strikes with a sword that always *is*—can she, sitting amidst the dust of her codes, see truth in things that only Art and Life and their higher devotees can appraise? Even if the verdict be just in this case, the German art and intellectual world has been roused to fight jealously against all curtailment of its freedom and powers. It has declared that at least art and literature in this "freest of all republics" shall be free beyond all others. Better to endure an excrescence than set up a false precedent, the artist-radicals declare, better trashy erotics at 100 marks admission, than the bitter pornography of the puritan in open court. Professor Brunner, the German Comstock, has carried off a well-merited victory over Celly de Rheidt, but in the case of Gertrud Eysoldt and her production of Schnitzler's "Reigen" he went down to defeat.

In the meantime, until the fevers and the toxins of the war have been utterly purged from the blood of man, and his whirling brain recover—it is on with the dance!—and off with the clothes! This phenomenon, in different degrees and manifestations, is to be observed everywhere. Perhaps the "poor, forked animal" longs to strip off the galling, burning Nessus-shirt of his civilization? Perhaps he longs to enter a newer, more innocent world—to be reborn again in purity, like a naked, new-born babe? Perhaps, poor fool, he imagines that a return to nakedness is a return to the Eden he has lost?

San Cristóbal

By MUNA LEE

Vivid and still is the noon,
  The almonds forget the breeze;
Red flowers droop from the cactus hedge,
  Red leaves from the mango trees.

Incredibly blue is the sea,
  Incredibly blue the sky;
And above a wall four centuries old
  Drifts a yellow butterfly.

Woeful Peregrination

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

"Tu les conduis doucement vers la mer qui est l'Infini tout en refléchissant les profondeurs du ciel dans la limpidite' de ta belle ame....."

I.

THE letter had been shoved in under the door while he was still sleeping. He heard the soft footsteps drowsily, and the slight attendant noises, and drowsily he got up and took the letter and clambered back to bed.

After he had read it, he let it drop from his fingers, turned his head away and wept quietly. It was the last word: no one but a fool would go on hoping. For many weeks he had hovered under the fear that he might commit something overt which would close the matter with a finality which left no shift or loophole. Above all things, that pass was to be avoided. And yet everything he did, every brave or faltering gesture seemed to bring on the culmination unpityingly. He had suffered the ache of foreknowledge through destitute mornings, and nervelessly rendered himself to vivid prognostications of defeat. Gripped and shaken so often before in the fatality of recurrent anti-climaxes, he was unequal to the exigency of a greater grief, and these were now the tears of catharsis.

The utter end, in its actuality, brought with its anticipated measure of pain a sense of freedom and the lifting of anchors. The adjustment to a wide change of directions in life is best taken in bed, in the late morning, with the sunlight pouring in thoughtlessly, when the mind mumbles to itself in florid half-wakefulness and the proddings of countless little duties of the day go unheeded.

O agreeable pageant of feats and failures, beckoning and recoil, and pale renunciaton! Intimate cinema revelational, pulsing or dragging to the whim of the abject, yet wilful mind!

There would be many hours of such vagrant visioning, before he rose to dress. He came to the matinal sacrament of brushing his teeth with a sudden sharp questioning; in view of the prodigious changes which were soon to be effected in the manner of his life, did one go on brushing one's teeth with the same organic optimism? To hurl oneself into non-being, to be one with the universal *Alma,* with white shining teeth? To arch one's neck in importunate entreaty for release with bared meticulously clean teeth! The conception came of many future days and nights clinging to the similitude of the past. But they were inconceivable and without basis; the whole bottom had dropped out of things.

He was really floating and soaring, as though his body were without weight or substance and totally without direction or plane. And then it was such an April day as attacks the static sense and sends one careening in an access of vertigo for long unconscious hours. Added to this was the loss of identity which came with the demise of the whole fabric of wonted activities, so that he drifted out, unresisting, into the street.

The music of the day was cast in a new tempo and a newer key. Through the shifted and blent relations, all color, vehicles, passers-by and buildings were devoid of their former associations of fitness and necessity. He peered into faces and windows with greater attention than he had ever exerted. He scrutinized the lines and puckers on the face of an old woman, the pimples on that of a young man. Each sensation was received with a more intimate pleasure and sympathy than he ever felt before... "My little children, all!" he exclaimed with a sudden awe and warmth.... "Dear curious things!" As mingler in the crowd....to view in proximity.... and yet regard as from the exalted seclusion of an office tower!

He moved constantly with the feeling of giddiness within, as though he had not eaten or drunk for days, a husk of senses, impotent of selection. Lost substance and selfhood! Only to wander until vesture were gathered! Was he visible or tangible? He wondered. And he was suddenly panic-stricken at the thought that he was possibly being observed with the same cruel scrutiny. But he remembered with relief that the thick lenses of his spectacles served to distort his expression successfully.

He had but to walk and turn down any corner and explore whatever experiences were within reach, out of the whole monstrous world of them, to accumulate a vesture of identity. For he was obsessed with the notion that each sensation perceived would cling to the hollow shell of himself, until the complete incrustation, heaping up, would compose an entirely new and unique personality. Until then the thought of returning to his room would continue to be terrifying....But it was not as the Seven Paths that led from the Boatree to Nirvana. The stray ends of paths were everywhere....

II.

In a park, he leaned over the rail of a fountain-basin which was dry and filled with dead leaves and refuse. He reached over and stirred among these idle derelict things with his walking-stick. There were other people lounging about. In fact they were rather numerous, he observed. He eyed them curiously; they occupied benches, read soiled newspapers and smoked pipes. "How comes it, my good people....all idle?" he exclaimed silently. "Have you no ends, no businesses to hurry and bustle by?" But everyone basked contentedly in the disarming sunlight. They were eyeing him too. He became, in a manner, troubled. Perhaps they would judge from his aspect, or from the attitude of his spine, that he too was like them, had no motive or direction that closed with the general fitness of things. It was dull and quiet here, in this tranquil little square, in the face of his alarmed questionings....Beside, it was a bit too chilly to be standing about.

He made off, the rat-tat-tat of his cane assuming a brisk air, and headed for the noisiest part of the town. After walking rapidly west for some time he reached the quays. This broad, stone paved thoroughfare was the scene of the most fearful congestion and uproar. Thousands of trucks, horse-drawn or motor-driven, rumbled and crashed along. There was the drum-fire of whips and horns and whistles and drills pounding on steel. In this furnace of discord he could veritably shout or scream unheeded. Exultant, he began to sing and walk very fast, block after

block. Where everything was unearthly confusion and turbulence, he could add his own tiny vacuity of purposes. A gust of passion and ecstacy flung him into the heart of the chaos, and the single unheard note of him rode above the storm for long miles.

At first he became tired. Then his senses began to fail under the prolonged cacaphony of West street. He noticed that the stream of traffic flowed and bumped either northward or southward. Profound forces of order, working under the gigantic masque of disarray.

He slunk off into a shadowy side street and walked slowly in the silence of more unwonted places. His rests were brief. His course linked itself, and rushed or receded, with the multifarious existences and burgeonings of the city. Movements flowed from far-spread corners and pockets into a parade. A gaudy band blared their way down a central avenue, and he found himself marching behind them for hours, until they dwindled into broken groups and departed unreasonably on their diverse single missions. The pennants vanished down alleys, the instruments climbed up stairways, but he who had no bearing, eddied into other throngs, that constantly resolved or succeded themselves, pressing about hoarse-voiced fakirs, or quavering street torches or inviting show windows....

Do these myriad flashing shapes and forms adhere to the shell of him, brushing against him, wrapping about and swishing off? O irrevocable inessentiality, for whom the vintage of grand evenings is not poured, the pomp of ordered harmonies denied! If thy heart inert and prone could beat once more, and to its wild thudding all little and alien rhythms be merged and vanquished!

III.

Towards evening he was at the harbor, leaning over a parapet, and looking out across the bay. A damp haze had come down after sunset and it hung above the water in spite of a pronounced breeze that blew out from land. There were only faint lights and the muffled cries of ships. The mist grew very thick, almost became a fog, and as his eyes searched it they divined no shapes, no paths. It might well be the outer wall of the world.

Every current of will or sound flowed down from the city and died off in mist over the sea. Perhaps all unhappy, baffled things of the land came down to the shore and by some mysterious process of metempsychosis lost their familiar properties and passed out to sea in some more ethereal form? And indeed he sensed myriads of little wrinkles and grumblings sweeping by, and the soft voluminous thunder of all their numerous voices encompassing him... How completely merged... How completely torn from himself and lifted and borne seaward, was all within him that was capable of suffering and joy! For a moment he was erect and tense with pain as every numbed faculty strained outward....The sea now.... mirrored all the silence and subjection of himself. It was vain to cling to the chains at the edge of the land. But he felt faint and entirely exhausted, and clenched the stone parapet with his hands so that his position might be more secure. He remained leaning there, looking out over the bay fixedly for a long time.

William Blake

By ALLEN TATE

Now William pulled the lever down,
And click-clack went the printing-press.
William was the only printer in town
Who had peeped while the angels undress.

"Damn this unmystical sweat," quoth he,
(He was longing for the New Jerusalem);
"Now in sketching an evil spirit—let's see,
Should the skirt of Lot's wife have a wide hem?"

And William had dudgeon for the sightless beadle
Who worshipped a God like a grandmother on ice-skates,
For William saw two angels on the point of a needle
As nobody since except W. B. Yeats.

He browsed in bathetic books—Jacob Boehme
And Paracelsus—which never mattered;
But he mentions the Ohio River in a poem,
So Americans ought to feel flattered.

William Blake cursed the flesh for a clod,
Yet of some of his sayings we Moderns have heard tell:
"The nakedness of woman is the work of God,"
Or that title—*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

Now I don't believe William ever saw that ghost,
Or even the Universe in a fleck of dust;
But maybe I'm blind, like a soul lost,
With a lot of psychoanalytic lust.

A Key To Cabell

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THESE paragraphs, parading their haphazard discoveries with the pomposity of an essay in *nuances*, are nothing more than a series of notes in preparation of a thesis. That thesis, if it is ever written, will bear a title, something academically like "The Psychogenesis of a Poet: or Cabell the Masquerader." For it is in this guise—sometimes self-declared, sometimes self-concealed, but always as the persistent if disappointed visionary—that the author of some of the finest prose of our day has given us the key with which (to lapse into the jargon of verse) he has unlocked his heart.

On the technical side alone, it is easy to establish Cabell's poetic standing. There are, first of all, the quantity of original rhymes that are scattered through the dozen volumes which Cabell has latterly (and significantly) classified as Biography. Besides these interjections which do duty as mottoes, chapter-headings, tail-pieces, dedications, interludes and sometimes relevant songs, there is the volume of seventy-five "adaptations" in verse, "From the Hidden Way," published in 1916. Here Cabell, even in his most natural rôle, declines to show his face and amuses himself with a new set of masks labelled Alessandro de Medici, Antoine Riczi, Nicolas de Caen, Theodore Passerat and other minnesingers whose verses were created only in the mind of Cabell. It has pleased him to confuse others besides the erudite reviewer of the *Boston Transcript* by quoting the first lines of the non-existent originals in Latin, Italian, Provençal—thus making his skilful ballads, sestinas, and the less mediaeval narratives part of a remarkably elaborate and successful hoax.

And as this masquerade of obscure Parnassians betrayed its creator, Cabell—impelled by some fantastic reticence—sought for more subtle makeshifts to hide the poet. The unwritten thesis, plunging abruptly into the realm of analytical psychology, will detail the steps Cabell has taken, as a result of early associative disappointments, to repress or at least disguise, the poet in himself—and it will disclose how he has failed. It will examine the latest of his works and exhume his half-buried experiments in rhyme, assonance and polyphony. This part of the paper will examine "Jurgen" and call attention to the distorted sonnet printed as a prose soliloquy on page 97 of that exquisite and ironic volume. It will pass to the subsequent "Figures of Earth" and, after showing how the greater gravity of this volume is accompanied by a greater profusion of poetry *per se*, it will unravel the scheme of Cabell's fifteen essays in what might be called contrapuntal prose. It will unscramble all the rhymes screened in Manuel's monologue beginning on page 294, quote the metrical innovations with rhymed vowels on page 60, tabulate the hexameters that leap from the solidly set paragraphs and rearrange the brilliant fool-

ing that opens the chapter "Magic of the Image Makers." This last is in itself so felicitous a composite of verse and criticism—a passage incredibly overlooked by the most meticulous of Cabell's glossarians—that it deserves a passage for itself. For here, set down prosaically as "the unfinished Rune of the Blackbirds" are four distinct parodies—including two insidious burlesques of Browning and Swinburne—on a theme which is familiar to us today in *les mots justes* of Mother Goose. "It is," explains Freydis, after the thaumaturgists have finished, "an experimental incantation in that it is a bit of unfinished magic for which the proper words have not yet been found; but between now and a while they will be stumbled on, and then this rune will live perpetually." And thus the poet, speaking through the mouthpiece of Freydis, discourses on the power of words and, in one of Cabell's most eloquent chapters, crystallizes that high mood, presenting the case for poetry as it has been pleaded by few of her most fervid advocates.

Here the thesis will stop quoting and argue its main contention from another angle. It will consider the author in a larger and less technical sense; disclosing his characters, his settings, his plots, even the entire genealogical plan of his works, to be the design of a poet rather than a novelist. The persons of Cabell's imagination move to no haphazard strains; they create their own music. And, like a set of modulated *motifs*, they combine to form a richer and more sonorous pattern. With its interrelation of figures and interweaving of themes, the Cabellian "Biography" assumes the solidity and shapeliness of a fugue, a composition in which all the voices speak with equal precision and recurring clarity. What of the characters themselves? They are motivated by pity and irony; the tolerant humor, the sympathetic and not too distant regard of their Olympian designer agitate them so sensitively that we seldom see what strings are twitched. These puppets seem to act of their own conviction—possibly because their director is careful not to have too many convictions of his own. There are, it may have been pointed out, no undeviating villains in Cabell's masques and, as many an indignant reviewer has expostulated, few untarnished heroes. His, it will be perceived, is a frankly pagan poetry. It has no texts to discipline beauty; it lacks moral fervor; it pretends to no divinity of dogmatism. Cabell is willing to let his fictional personages ape their living models by fluctuating between shifting conventions and contradictory ideals; he leaves to a more positive Author the dubious pleasure of drawing a daily line between vice and virtue. If Cabell pleads at all, he pleads with us not to repudiate a Villon or a Marlowe while we are reviling the imperfect man in a perfect poet. "What is man, that his welfare be considered?" questions Cabell, paraphrasing Scripture, "an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with the archangels while filthily he digs for groundnuts... Yet do I perceive that this same man is a maimed god... He is under penalty condemned to compute eternity with false weights and to estimate infinity with a yardstick —and he very often does it."

This, the thesis will contend, is the only possible attitude to the mingled apathy and abandon of existence—and it is, in fine, the poetic attitude. Romantic it is, without question, and I

imagine Cabell would be the last to cavil at the implication. For, mocked by a grinning silence gnawing beneath the howling energy of life, what else is there for the poet but the search for some miracle of belief, some assurance in a world of illimitable perplexities. It is the wish to attain this dream which is more real than reality that guides the entire Cabell *epos*—"and it is this will that stirs in us to have the creatures of earth and the affairs of earth, not as they are, but as 'they ought to be.' "

Such a romantic vision, on which "Beyond Life" ends, is the shining thread that binds the latest of Cabell's novels with the earliest of his short stories. It is, in effect, one tale he is telling, a tale in which Poictesme and the more local Lichfield are, for all their topographical dissimilarities, the same place and all his people interchangeable symbols of the changeless desires of men. Whether the allegory is told in the terms of "Gallantry," with its perfumed lights, its deliberate artifice and its technique of badinage, or presented in the more high-flying mood of "Chivalry" with its ready passions and readier rhetoric, it prefigures the subsequent struggle with its pageant of victories that might so easily be mistaken for defeats. In this procession, amid a singularly ordered riot of color, the figure of man moves, none too confidently but with stirring fortitude, to an unrealized end. Stumbling through the mazes of a code, in the clothes of Ormskirk or Vanringham, he passes from the adventures of the mind (Kennaston in "The Cream of the Jest," Charteris in "Beyond Life,") through the adventures of the flesh ("Jurgen") to the darker adventures of the spirit (Manuel in "Figures of Earth"). Even "Gallantry," the most candidly superficial of Cabell's works, is alive with a vigor of irony; beneath a surface covered with political finery and sentimental bric-à-brac, the quest goes on, stubbornly, in a forgotten world made suddenly animate and as real as our own.

And this, the thesis will conclude, is because Cabell is not as much a masquerader as he imagined himself to be. None but a visionary would wear so constantly upon his sleeve the desire "to write perfectly of beautiful happenings." None but the poet, shaken with the strength of his vision, could cry today, "It is only by preserving faith in human dreams that we may, after all, perhaps some day make them come true." For poetry, to which all literature aspires, is not the shadow of reality but the image of perfection, the light of disembodied beauty toward which creation gropes. And that poetic consciousness is the key to the complex and half-concealed art of James Branch Cabell.

Appreciation

By RICHARD KIRK

On this side I spade and pull,
On that grows grass and clover;
My donkey, when his belly's full,
Thrusts his long face over.

Songs of the Seasons

A Free Rendering of An Amerindian Song Sequence

By MARY AUSTIN

I

I have mentioned all the seasons and the stars
To Wawanut.
All the little, steadfast stars
And the Walkers of the Night,
Where the flying light of Sun
Is caught and hidden.
I have named them to Wawanut.

I have named the Thunder,
With his moccasins of dark cloud
Walking on the mountain;
I have named the Tovukmal,
The clean March water,
Washing down the last year's leaves.
The little silver rains,
The many-footed rains
Dancing with the meadow larks
Round the roots of the rainbow!

II

I have named the Pahoyomal
With Wawanut
When the ant has her house and her hill,
When the spider
Opens her dew shining door.
White butterflies emerging
In their spotted robes
From their sacred dance enclosure,
The wind tossing
The white blossom cones of the chamise
And the sea's white foam flowers.

Now the sky is ashamed
Of what he did to the maiden summer.
Retreating afar and on high
He tugs at the four world quarters.

The elk brings forth in the north,
The wild sheep at Temucula.
The horned lizard on the hot sands
Round Turtle Rock
With his young is dancing.
All these I have mentioned in my songs.
I have made a twine of songs
To bind them with Wawanut.

III

I have named the summer
To Wawanut.
I have mentioned earth's contented noises.
I have named the Star Chief, Kukilish,
Bathing in the summer water,
And the lovely Light-Left-Over*
From the Evening to the Morning.

I have named the ripe wild oats
Moon white on the sea looking ranges.
Arrows twanging in the white oak browse,
Women stripping deer meat.
All these I have mentioned to Wawanut,
Women winnowing *chia.*

I have made them songs.
With a net of songs have tied them
With Wawanut
I have believed my songs.
We have made the seasons and the stars
Work together
With Wawanut.

* The planet Venus.

History of The Moulin Rouge

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I

I READ, not long ago, in *Le Figaro,* that there is some fantastic idea in the vivid imagination of the Parisians of rebuilding the Moulin-Rouge. One might as well conceive the idea of rebuilding the Tower of Babel, where a thousand tongues spoke in a thousand languages. That is what I said to myself, before I went to Paris on the 27th of May. No sooner had I arrived there, and settled down in a hotel in the Latin Quarter, than I determined to make certain discoveries, in regard to Lautrec and the Moulin-Rouge. It was on the 7th of June that I explored Montmartre, from nine in the morning till midnight. What I really wanted to find was his studio in la Rue Tourlaque, which he left in January, 1899, for another, in la rue Frochot, which gives on la rue Bréda. I came on it on my way to the Moulin de la Galette; it is on the right of the steep and turning rue Lépic, which crosses la rue Thelozé, then turns sideways into a steeper street that leads to the long dreary rue Domrémy.

I saw the big studio in which he used to paint, on the top floor of No. 5, at the corner of these two streets. As I stood there, gazing up with a kind of reverence, a lovely borzois came up and caressed me, gently, deliciously. Up came after him the strange little harlot to whom the borzois belonged, bag in hand. She said to me: *"Hé bien! Le patron! Comment ça va?"* We fell into conversation; she was amusing, she had a passion for her lovely beast. Finally, after some persuasion on her part, both of them went into the door of No. 5. She was an amazing being to have met just then; by some mere accident, some luck, some fortune such as often falls to me. She was an absolute Lautrec—*sur le vif.* She was small, perverse, with very wicked eyes; and, apart from her evident sordidness, she was not without that charm which such women are capable of showing.

After I left her, I was determined, if possible, to enter the Moulin-Rouge, and my desire was gratified. They had begun repairs. I went into a chaos of dust and lumber, of untidiness and of disorder; of confusion and of a kind of annihilation. There, as always, painted plain, was "Consommations Obligatoires." The more I penetrated into the interior the more I felt that I was entering an obscure night. The more I penetrated into this obscure night the more the vision returned to me of Seville and of my purchase in les Sierpes of the rare first edition of *Obras Espirituales,* 1618, of San Juan de la Cruz; and of that strange, fantastic figure which stands at the beginning of the *Salida del Monte Carmelo,* and the narrow way which leads to the mount which is inscribed "Nothing." The sensation I had when I read this book in Seville, as obscure as that night which is the negation of all things, was almost identical with the one I experienced in the obscurity of the Moulin-Rouge. Again

the aspect of Chaos, an extraordinary effect; low entrances, dark and dreary; tables heaped on one another as they used to be: in a word, the Dust of Ages! An almost hideous accumulation of dust almost suffocated me. On one yellow door I read: *Poussez.* The colours were yellower than ever. I saw the two ways by which we used to go into the Ball—the two separate doors. I saw vaguely chairs on the tops of tables, tables on the tops of chairs, all sorts of iron things and wooden things, and, very conspicuously, two tattered wooden representations of the flames of hell (as I imagined), the red paint much worn from their artichoke-like shoots. Almost as sinister was the man who had the keys of the Moulin-Rouge: the typical *gueux* of Montmartre.

II

The Moulin-Rouge was certainly glorious to Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; he made it more glorious than it ever was. Once inside, he sought for the physical signs of the vices of men and of women. The red wings of the windmill turned, flame-like, every night; always to me a matter of intense excitement. So these Parisian and decadent enchantments seized furiously on this painter's heart; on, also, much of his life, on much of his genius.

In the Moulin-Rouge, night after night, a special table was always reserved for Lautrec. He sat there for hours, showing, as he did elsewhere, that nervous exasperation which rarely left him. In the intervals of their dances, the Chahut dancers crowded around him; often he would make them sit down and give them drinks and then draw them. After that he would get up, feverishly, take a few turns in the hall. So, as he was the only painter who absolutely adored it, in his pictures of this night-haunt and of other night-haunts of an equally evil character, he created stupendous effects, which I can only compare with those of Degas: in both an equal nobility, an equal comprehension, of these enigmatical creatures; of the inexorable stains and configurations of sin.

A *bastringue* the Moulin-Rouge certainly was, and, in its way, unsurpassable; equally in the curious fascination with which I always entered it and in the fascination of the Chahut dancers. The three who were most famous for their extraordinary talents were, La Mélinite, La Goulue and Valentin the disjointed; who certainly deserved his name, for he danced with an amazing dexterity, his thin legs defied caricature; and he, like the others, rarely lost his rhythm.

La Goulue was a strange and tall girl, with a vampire's face, the profile of a bird of prey, a tortured mouth, and metallic eyes; who danced always with definite gestures; I heard all kinds of legends in regard to her life; death and sensuality and blood; which is my version of the title of one of Barrès books; who certainly joined with the avid circle that tightened round the quadrille dancers. Once the music started, up went the skirts and the heels to the level of their faces.

I first met La Mélinite on an unforgettable night in May at Le Jardin de Paris. She danced in a Quadrille: young and girlish, the more provocative because she played as a prude, with an assumed modesty, decolletée nearly to her waist, in the Oriental fashion. She had long black curls around her face;

and had about her an air of depraved virginity.

She told me she was dancing the next night at the Moulin-Rouge, and asked me to meet her there, which I certainly did. I give here, word for word, the notes I made that night—as Baudelaire would have done on similar occasions—on a scrap of Parisian note-paper.

Moulin-Rouge, May 22, 1892. She danced before the mirror; the orange rosy lamps. The tall slim girl; the vague distinction of her grace; her candid blue eyes; her straight profile. She wore a tufted straw bonnet, a black jacket and dark blue serge skirt—white bodice opening far down a boyish bosom. Always arm in arm with another jolly girl, who also seized my arm—for the invariable reason of giving them drinks. The reflections—herself with her unconscious air, as if no one were looking—studying herself before the mirrors. The horrible little creature with black hair turning all by herself in the middle.

Only La Mélinite—her actual name was Jane Avril—had a perverse genius; besides which she was altogether adorable and excitable, morbid and sombre, biting and stinging; a creature of cruel moods, of cruel passions; she had the reputation of being a Lesbian; and, apart from this and from her fascination, never in my experience of such women have I known anyone who had such an absolute passion for her own beauty. She danced before the mirror under the gallery of the orchestra, because she was *folle de son corps;* because she had *une folie dans l'âme.* She was so incredibly thin and supple in body that she could turn over backward—as Salome when she danced before Herod and Herodias—until she brushed the floor with her shoulders.

One reason why Lautrec painted so many portraits of her was because she remained *une grande amoureuse des ateliers,* and another because she obeyed all the painters' caprices, and another because she was all fine nerves, and as passionate as abnormal. Did she appreciate Lautrec's genius? I imagine that she did, because she loved the odour of painting.

Lautrec's coloured poster of *Jane Avril* (1899) that hangs on one of the walls of the study in which I write, is simply magnificent. She is painted with his feverish colours; she stands sideways; an immense hat flaps red wings of wild birds striped with black, vanishing into space, over her bright yellow hair; her red mouth, fine nose and perverse eyes glitter before me; her hands are extended on either side with two sweeping gestures; and—so like the depavity of Lautrec—a living cobra writhes around her body. His evil mouth whose tongue hisses is painted in yellow and red and thin black colours; it seems to dart at her chin; and this adorable and fearful monster's body is painted with yellow that verges into pale blue, mixed with a peculiar kind of green; and, the more he coils around her, the more violent are his colours. And—a certain sign of Lautrec's perversity—he has inserted on the right, near the bottom of the poster, the most inhuman and delicious and exotic and tiniest of snakes who absolutely flies in the air, lifted by a delicate wind.

Certainly, Lautrec realizes his dancers, and realizes them as no one else did before him—leaving aside Degas. They are Lautrec's by right of possession, by right of his malignant and pitiless genius; he loves them after his own fashion; they love him after their own fashion: two utterly different kinds of love; and even the atrocious Goulue was obliged against her will to be aware of this vivid love of his.

Turn, now, to some of Lautrec's Chahut dancers, and realize that they were much more real than reality, much more unreal than they actually were; as abnormal as the Russian dancers. Only, the Parisian dancers rhythmed the Sexes—abominably and astonishingly and incredibly. What did the Moulin-Rouge contain? The Sexes, and the very heat and the odour of them. Again, what did these dancing women do? Almost everything except being perfect in art; and, for the greater part, it was an unashamed exhibition of their legs, of the naked skin shown above their stockings when they flung their legs at arm's length from their heads, and when they did the *double splits*.

Still, to have seen them dance night after night, and to have cried at them —as I always did in Spain—*La Mélinite! La Goulue!* these are what one wanted in the response of their malicious eyes and in the perverse malice of their smiles. And to have seen Lautrec there, as I have said, night after night, watching them, drinking and smoking with them, drawing them: there also, one got what one wanted; and, often enough, much more than one wanted.

III

Lautrec's *Les Valseuses* torments my imagination; for I feel as I always felt in Paris, in these Music-Halls, the exasperation of the Flesh, the suffocating atmosphere. Here, in the Moulin-Rouge, he fixes one's vision on two enigmatical women who dance, slowly, sensually, seductively. Among those who are seated in the low gallery railed off from the floor, one sees La Mélinite, adorable, magically fascinating.

La Goulue au Moulin Rouge shows one corner of the Music-Hall. Her dress very low at the back, her left hand pressed firmly on her waist, she is arm in arm with Messalina, a monstrous beast, a Vampire, who gloats over her; the type, certainly of one of the worst forms of degradation, a figure of Incarnate Evil, a Beardsley and a Rops; tainted with an unspiritual corruption; a satire on her own sex; an adder-tongued Agrippina. Lautrec, whose genius has in it Latin roots, exhibits in I know not how many of his magnificent and abnormal paintings a sense of satire as primitive and as elemental as that of Aristophanes and of Rabelais, of Swift and of Juvenal. I am certain that deep down, in perhaps the deepest depths of this extraordinary man, there was that indignation which drives such artists to create—*facit indignatio versum*, as Juvenal said. In his heart-rending mockery, Lautrec—when he most hated himself—created deformed monstrosities; where, for instance, some abortion of man or monkey is made to read an abominable book: in bestial stupidity—the symbolism of an evil genius.

Départ de Quadrille is magnificent: in this enormous picture he gives a revelation of one particular corner of the Moulin-Rouge almost under the orchestra, where the avid circles formed, as one's excitement increased; where, in fact I, being tall, could easily look over the heads of the others. Suppose it is Nini-Patte-on-l'air who stands planted firmly on both legs held wide apart as her wrists press her petticoats against her sides; planted, like some living tree, she waits, evil-eyed, implacable, for the music to begin. Lautrec paints the adorable Mélinite, dressed fashionably —with her curved nose, straight chin, thin red lips, black eyes—eyes nervous

and erotic, perverse and passionate. She wears her dainty hat with fine feathers, the white brim shading her forehead and her thick black hair; and that elegant robe she is so fond of, in which he drapes her as if she were his model; the right hand just lifts the upper part of her skirt—to avoid the dust—as any Parisian lady might. But, for some reason of his, Lautrec places on her left Félix Finion. *"C'est un cerveau froid,"* said Remy de Gourmont, *"cet homme qui s'est donné l'air d'un Méphistophélès Americain eut le courage de compromettre sa vie pour la réalisation des plans qu'il jugeait peut-être insensés."*

La Promenade! How well I remember that Promenade in the Moulin-Rouge; monstrous, fascinating, perilous, insidious. Olivier Métra conducts his blaring orchestra to the sound of his dance-music, Le Mélinite dances with an extravagant ecstacy, twisting for once her tiny feet *à rebours*—so as to give one the effect of a modern and no less magical Salome. In her direction stalk two Jews—with visages devoured by degredation and debased cruelty. I see stalk in another direction one of Lautrec's malign women—the women I always had an intense aversion for. With black hair under a flapping flat hat, with a man's more than a woman's long jacket, with a less than womanly trail of her elongated skirts behind her—she advances, alone, menacing; a plague and a pestilence.

In *Femme en Clownesse* Lautrec conceives something abominable, infamous, satirical; there is in it much of his contempt, hatred, love, disgust, of this fatal and fascinating abode of Sin. It is one of his obsessions: all this *maquillage* so seductive and so Parisian, this perversity; an obsession also, of that kind in which one longs to forget oneself—to mix in a moving multitude.

> Is misery most of miseries miserable,
> Or the one flower of ease in bitterest hell?

Powdered, painted, atrocious and gluttonous, no Messalina but a veritable Clown-woman, a Tribade, she is arrested in her movement; she turns her body sideways, with her open bodice and naked arms. She has the utter indifference of the animal. By way of contrast, Lautrec introduces, next to her, La Goulue's ugly sister. In another of his pictures he represents a Herod-like Pantomine King, seated on his throne, who holds a sceptre; beside him, with a sinister face, the Pantomine Queen. Sardonically, Lautrec introduces into his composition a hideous dwarf seated on a stool, dressed in a weird costume—the Personification of Evil.

Fin de Siècle! An epithet one must always use in regard to Degas, whose genius remains inexplicable; after him, Lautrec, next in genius; third, Beardsley, with the fascinating perversity of his limited genius; fourth, Rops, impure, obsessed by forms of evil, whose Flemish and Hungarian blood infused into him an almost venomous imagination. All these, in different ways and in different senses, visualized the spectacular Vices, and their obscenity; which was, to Lautrec as to Degas, a clean thing when you touch it with clean hands, a thing elemental; a thing Rops and Beardsley always deliberately deformed. So, in this dwarf, Lautrec represents one of the leering dwarfs, the "monkeys" by which the mystics symbolized the earthlier vices; those immense bodies swollen with the lees of pleasure, those cloaked and masked

devils shuddering in gardens, and smiling ambiguously at interminable toilets, that are part of a symbolism which loses nothing by lack of emphasis. And so a more profound spiritual corruption, instead of being a more "immoral" thing than the pestiferous humanity that neither begins with Hogarth nor ends with Rowlandson, but which exists between the gutters and the stars, can be, in some senses, moral; can, even, at times, bring about the triumph of the spirit over the flesh: evil justifying evil; that is to say, by the affinity of the stars with the gutters that breed corruption.

Truck Drivers

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

You drive your lumbering steam-lorries
Upon the streets of London
And jolt your motor-trucks
Over the asphalt of New York.
These minor shades of background,
Which embarrass even smaller men,
Have not disturbed your faces.
America and England
Are unheard jests to your faces
As you tensely wrestle with your street!
Let me take you to a side-lane
Where the traffic is thin,
Where your grins can barter
With remnants of mind and heart
Left by the strain and snarl of your days.
There I see the features
Of decaying children.
Eyeballs, lips, and cheeks
Sundering under the lack of anticipation!

Your obvious martyrdom
Bears no light at present.
It will only shine
When men from another planet
Speculate upon the dead moon
That once was earth.

A Note On The Objective

By ROYALL SNOW

WORDS are tricky things and likely to betray one. Under their oracular robes they hide the spirit of Harlequin, and many an honest critic has been mocked by his own innocently uttered phrase. There is, for example, that much-used term—objective, which will cause trouble soon if we do not straight-jacket it with a definition.

It is not that objective, like some terms, has no meaning,—rather it has too many. As at present vaguely understood it must be applied to many of our contemporaries, to a large part of the work of Browning, Keats, Rossetti, and Chaucer; and it fits very nicely—to mention only a few—Shakespeare's sonnets, parts of the ethereal Shelley, and even (though this is heresy!) Tennyson when we find him writing such lines as

> minnows everywhere
> In crystal eddies glance and poise.

"Glance and poise" is a fact objectively seen and rendered if there ever was one. The jumble of names and poetic types to whom the adjective applies leaves one somewhat bewildered. The fact stands out that English poetry has always been objective—the hunger of humanity for the concrete in an uncertain world has seen to that—but in various ways. Unless we begin to recognize distinctions we shall deprive our already meagre critical vocabulary of a necessary term.

We have, of course, what might be called the pure objective,—the poetry which focuses attention upon external things for their own sake, for their beauty as they stand alone. Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad" with its beautiful rendering of the moisture and fragrance of spring, or his "Meeting at Night" with its phosphorescent sea and wet sand may serve as examples of the type. It is the thing in itself, not the subjective emotion of the beholder which really counts.

Having established that pure objective type we have a category which will include part of the list of poems which we commonly call objective, but only an astonishingly small part. And, contrary to general but not too carefully analytical opinion, very little contemporary work falls within the category. We need a broader definition than concern with the thing itself to include the rest of the list.

Man has no love for abstractions. In a sensuous world he is largely concerned with making his ideas as concrete as he can. There are few men who will die for an idea; there are hosts who will die for the political leader, the flag, the item in church ritual which concretely embodies the idea. Before there can be deep feeling there must be a symbol vivid to the senses: the symbol itself is in turn nothing without the idea behind. In the fusion of spirit and sense is born true emotion.

Once this relationship is understood it is possible to frame a definition which

fits that objective poetry not of the pure type. The senses are the high road to feeling, the poets have always taken it to convey their ideal truths to their audience. And objectivity in its broader sense then means, so far as art is concerned, simply a phrasing of the abstract in terms of the concrete.

Variously is this formula applied. The general truth that earthly things—the granite as well as the fragile—must vanish in the end, Shakespeare did not leave as an item of abstract truth.

> Since brass nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
> But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
> How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
> Whose action is nor stronger than a flower?

So Shakespeare wrote it, and in the hard and definite first line he brought an idea out of the realm of abstractions. Moreover much of the imagery in which our poetry is so rich is also but an expression of the objective tendency,—not, of course, in those figures of speech where something concrete though not perhaps well known is compared to something else more concrete yet better known, but in all those cases where something intangible is expressed in terms of the actual. Intellectual Beauty, for example, to even a Shelley could be nothing but an emotion-enkindling evanescence. That others might feel the gossamer rapture of it it had to be translated in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" until it was like a

> mist o'er mountains driven,
> Or music by the night wind sent
> Through strings of some still instrument,
> Or moonlight on a midnight stream.

Gossamer it remains, but the bid to the senses is there. The poem as a whole is of a beautiful vagueness, but what meaning it has is secured through such passages.

It is obviously then only with reservations that the term objective can be applied to contemporary poetry, for the term belongs to all English poetry more or less. But if we say that the present movement stands for symbolic objectivity we have employed a phrase of definite meaning. For there is an individual slant to the present movement which represents novelty in the application of an old principle,—a novelty at once stimulating and exceedingly dangerous. The order of things is reversed. Instead of taking an abstraction and comparing it with concrete things, our contemporaries frequently prefer to deal directly with the concrete and leave us to infer from it the abstract or general which it stands for. Nothing definite upon earth is without its connotations and overtones; they are implicit no matter how solidly realistic the presentation. But the true modernist leaves them implicit where former poets have made them explicit. *Nonetheless, objective things stand for the subjective feeling they would arouse in real life.* They are symbols of ideas or emotions instead of comparisons.

It is so in Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," which gives us an excellent illustration of the method. The impeccable Mr. Prufrock, amorphously erotic, cannot bring himself to disturb the perfect afternoon-tea-atmosphere by anything so convulsive as talk of love, and recoils in alarm from the subject—but with this exclamation:

> I should have been a pair of ragged claws
> Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

The reader who does not see that as the symbol of the primitive (anything more free of social convention than a clawed sea creature is hard to imagine) will find in it little enough meaning. And the reader who misses the point of the ragged claws will be almost certain not to grasp the conclusion where Prufrock says:

> I grow old... I grow old...
> I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
>
> Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
> I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
> I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.
>
> I do not think that they will sing to me.
>
> I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
> Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
> When the wind blows the water white and black.
>
> We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
> By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
> 'Till human voices wake us and we drown.

The theme ends so in symbols and is far more effective than if Mr. Prufrock had ruminated somewhat after this fashion: "Dash it all, I was a romantic youngster once but that is over now. I'm middle-aged and respectable, can think of nothing but the clothes I shall wear, and what I may with safety eat."

The method is admirable, granted that the poet has an audience keen enough to interpret the symbol correctly. And there is, of course, a subtle compliment paid by the poet to his audience in the very choice of the method. The dead wood of interpretation is cut away and the living fibre of poetry remains. But that is only true if the symbol is fairly easily interpreted and so used that misinterpretation is unlikely. Otherwise readers, even of the most intelligent, are presented with a rhythmical riddle in place of a poem.

Poets have always solved the problem of how to come home at once to men's hearts and men's heads with the one formula, variously applied, if they have solved it at all. Nevertheless the concreteness of the current movement is more apparent than that of any previous period. The explanation lies in the fact that the symbolic treatment throws "the thing" into higher relief than the comparative method which tends to soften sharpness of outline, to embed "the thing" itself in an encircling thought structure. The symbolic method makes it the poem: what was formerly a thought structure definitely expressed, is become a hovering overtone. In a sense this overtone is not a part of the poem for it does not appear in the written words; but it is most emphatically a part in that it does appear in what is the final work of art—the emotional impression on the reader.

The Rubies of Cleopatra

By VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG

We are rubies on a long string,
Owned by the Theatrical Costume Company.
Long days together, sometimes weeks,
We lie huddled in a dark drawer,
Touching cold wood only, and each other.
Then we yearn for the feel of palpitating flesh.

Suddenly comes New Year's Eve.
Miss Portia Worthington spreads out Ten Dollars on the counter,
And we are snatched up to go with her Cleopatra costume.
Oh joy!
Warm adventure is waiting.

At the masquerade dance of the Rotary Club
We hang, red with desire, in a double chain
Down Miss Worthington's thirty-two year old bosom.
Three feet away stands a brawny Roman,
With green leaves of cloth about his brow,
And many black hairs on his legs.
He comes closer.
His breast touches us.

The saxophone blares above the violin.
We quiver and whirl with Antony and Cleopatra.
We are pressed tightly
And for a joyous while feel the perspiration of two bodies.

Then comes a whiff of cold air while the saxophone rests.
Would you believe it?
This is a masquerade.
We discover that the Roman is only an exporter of wheat,
And that Portia Worthington teaches domestic science at Teachers' College.
We, the rubies of Cleopatra, glow in vain,
Because the price of wheat
Went down this afternoon to a dollar and four cents a bushel.
True, the exporter has fine legs, and therefore has come as a Roman.
Portia sees them;
Yet she can sit there and reason that if wheat has gone down
Bread will be cheaper.

The saxophone starts again.
A Pirate, with a knife in his teeth,
Comes to claim Miss Worthington.
Again we pulsate red and eager.
The brass ring around the Pirate's forearm
Presses us into Portia's back.

We make little dents there.
He takes his knife out of his teeth
And puts it into his belt.
We expect a tighter embrace in the corner of the hall.
His toddling boot-tops pat her white fox-trotting knees.
Ah, leather and dimples!
We twist ourselves into snaky curves on Portia's breast,
Awaiting red-eyed piracy of love.

What a perfect masquerade!
The Pirate is a young dentist,
Anxious to build up practice.
He hadn't known exactly what to wear to the Rotary Club's dance.
And Portia remembers silently
A lot of things about the care of tooth brushes.

What a night for us, the rubies of Cleopatra!
Mephistopheles approaches,
But Portia turns away
Perhaps because he is too deep through the middle.
Robin Hood tries in vain to get her eye.
Ah well, there are wrinkles in his green tights.

Then suddenly comes warm adventure,
A regular he-man, disguised in black suit and queer white collar,
And making his cheeks look long.
A country parson.
But we and Portia can see something in his eye
Which does not go with the gospel.

The violin is alluring now, and stronger than the saxophone.
In a waltz there is hot harmony between Portia and the Parson.
He slides his breast downward, not by accident,
And stretches us tight into her neck.
He slides upward again,
And we roll redly between a black coat and a silken garment.
Portia tingles and rejoices that her legs are bare.

Her anklets tinkle,
And we glow expectantly.

Then the violin is silent, and we are in a dark alcove.
We learn that the Parson is a vaudeville actor by profession.
He is not afraid.
How gladly we ripple through his fingers
While the backs of them caress Portia gently
Where the breasts turn!
He insists that she must wear us over the hips;
It is more Egyptian.
She yields, and lets him drape us there,
High on one side and low on the other.
Oh joy!

But far-sprung desire bends back against Portia's training.
She cannot shut out a sudden vision
Of the most scientific way
To fold sheets over the corner of a mattress.
"Queen of the Nile!" cries the Parson.
We pulsate red with remembrance.
"Let me be your Marc—your Marcus Aurelius!"
He spoils it purposely
Because he has a wife on the floor,
As well as a true mistress,
And even a vaudeville actor must be discreet.

The masquerade never ends.
At three in the morning we are in Portia's room.
She tears off her costume, and does not see where it falls.
The footsteps in the hallway
Tell of a male neighbor just returning.
The shades are down.
She tilts the bureau mirror, and can see her whole body
Perfectly bare and beautiful.
But we are more red!
She winds us around her hips
High on one side and low on the other,
As the Parson had taught her.
She sways madly and whirls to get a full view in the mirror.
We swing out dizzily
And, by accident catching the alarm clock,
Throw it upon the Cleopatra costume on the floor.
Too late! Too late!

What can we do now..
Against a character trained at Teachers' College?

Miss Portia Worthington sets the alarm clock
And remembers that this year she will be thirty-three.

Parthenia

By ALLEN TATE

With pale green hopes and the gay colors flying
Of the rich shores that girded their dark land,
They burst into the temple where lay dying
An unknown virgin gutted by her own hand.

The shout went up like a half-strangled song,
Cutting the noonday languor into shreds;
The mob rushed out again and smote the gong,
Bearing the phallus over their febrile heads.

Still, at her feet, the thin-lipped lover prayed,
Beating his anguish on a tympanum,
As in and out among the few that stayed
Wandered the priest's voice from the adytum:

"Lay now the grape and the bright leaves of sorrow
Upon the altar beside her bloody hair;
Wash clean your hands and hearts, that no tomorrow
May find her unforgiven or unfair;

"The god has not yet answered to our pity
For the black vision and tangle in her brains,
Nor is there knowing soever in the city
Of the red histories that throbbed in her blue veins."

Then, as the twilight clutched a single star,
Cold wonder drove the mourners on their way:
All, for the riddle, swore to roam afar
Scourging the night and gathering the day.

Paris Notes

By ARTHUR MOSS

HERE in Paris, I read much about the theatre in America. News of Eugene O'Neill's latest, the Theatre Guild productions, John Carpenter's Krazy Kat Ballet, bring sporadic attacks of nostalgia, particularly after an evening at any of the French playhouses.

The theatre here is still buried beneath the weight of tradition: flimsy realistic settings, rant rant rant the hams are ranting—here and there modern plays, but these, too, trammeled by traditional representation.

But somehow the importance of the stage fades away in a city where the *really* fine arts, eating and drinking, are developed to such perfection as in Paris. The theatre becomes vastly less significant than the playhouse of the stomach: the Paris café with its sidewalk terrasse.

On a recent night, I sat and talked with James Stephens at the Café Lilas. This is the place he frequents both in search of conversation and as a literary workshop; he spent many hours on its terrasse writing "The Demi-Gods."

Stephens is a strange little leprechaun with an enormous gnome's head, sparkling eyes under disorderly shaggy brows, and a wonderful soft voice, and in his speech there is the rather slight brogue of the City of Dublin.

Stephens divides his time between Paris and Dublin. He is, of course, intensely interested in Irish political developments and thinks that the Irish will not take long to work out their problems. "And there's naturally a great upset when a people who have been under alien military control for centuries are suddenly left to themselves. 'Tis really a remarkable thing that we haven't had much more violence. You see, the whole show is being run by very young people, and they take themselves quite seriously. Its very hard trying to write in Dublin now; political turmoil is not the best atmosphere for creative work."

Stephens is at work on a cycle of five books which he expects to complete in another year. A. E., who has seen the first two books, says it is the finest prose he has read in ten years.

I am run into, literally, at almost any of the Latin Quarter cafés every day by the caricaturist Ivan Opfer. This large exuberant young cyclone has just come from a trip to Copenhagen bringing excellent studies of George Brandes and other Danish notables. Almost every day he caricatures an artistic celebrity. James Joyce, Anatole France, James Stephens, George Moore—Opfer has forced them all into attentive poses.

George Moore, by the way, has just finished writing "In Single Strictness," which he calls a restatement of "Celibates."

Back to the theatre, I learn that Ralph Roeder is now a sort of right-hand man at Jacques Copeau's Theatre du Vieux Colombier. If Robert Edmond Jones would come over and transform the Theatre de l'Oeuvre, and Charles Gilpin appear at the Comedie Champs-Elysées in "The Emperor Jones," I'd be tempted to desert the terrasses, at least for a few evenings.

Greetings From Confucius

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

From Kong-Fu-Tse, frozen dust,
To his countless lovers, agitated dust:
The difference between the good conduct and the bad
Is the perfumed wind a laughing courtesan
Stirs gently with her jeweled fan to right or left,
And the true and the false are the trembling shadows
Of a candle flickering at an open window...
Drink, deeply, then, from your cups of jade;
Have many concubines with small, hard breasts
Which crash within your warm, eager hands;
Smoke slowly your long, ivory pipes
And write faultless poems on lustrous silk,
To the river gliding over stones like a white snake,
To the lotus-bud; to the immutable pine tree;
To the wild goose dropping from the tip of his flat beak
Fragile, fluttering Spring...
But even these do not matter, lovers of Kong-Fu-Tse,...

Life is a large handful of thin-grained dust,
Blown merrily, swiftly, by the pouting lips
Of Some One.
The lips close—
The dust stiffens and chills like a bar of iron in Winter.

But even this does not matter...

Reviews

PETER WHIFFLE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

(*Alfred A. Knopf, 1922*)

THERE can be no conservative estimate of this book; for Peter was everything else in the world but conservative. Yet a mere exuberance of praise would be equally out of place; for even in his wildest moments, Peter preserved a poise, a sense of fitness. He was propelled by his emotions, but never swamped by them.

Peter Whiffle's one great desire was to write a book. Fortunately for the public, so one reasons, he never fulfilled this desire. For nothing that he could ever have written would have been a hundredth part as interesting as the man himself. That is, as he is revealed to the world through the medium of Carl Van Vechten.

One might say that Peter *is* the present, that he is the figure erotic of the artistic, the literary, the political pulses of today. Certainly he reacts to each with the normal abnormality of the time. His temperature runs high; his power of reaction is equally great, "I wanted to write a new Comédie Humaine. Instead, I have lived it," is the summing up of himself by himself. Yet— "If I had found a new formula, who knows what I might have done?" Rest assured, Peter; you yourself are the magic exquisitely invoked by the wizard Carl.

"I've collected the straw; the bricks will come," Peter tells his friend, and shows him a bizarre array of catalogues —catalogues of perfumery, automobiles, reapers, jewels, flowers, furniture, cooking recipes. His intention was not to define, or describe, but to enumerate. For life, he says, is made up of a collection of objects, and the mere citation of them will give the reader an impress of color, atmosphere, style. When his friend ventures the assertion that this is merely a photograph of still life, Peter scorns the idea. But skips quickly to another.

The entire theme is a variation post-impressionistic of kaleidoscopic Now. The book is a catalogue de luxe itself, or rather an encyclopedia urbana of names great and near great, of painting and sculpture, of labor unions and revolutionists. Olive Fremstad, Arthur Machen, Big Bill Haywood, Theodore Dreiser, Gustave Flaubert, Gordon Craig, Dorothy Richardson, Emma Goldman, Arthur B. Davies, are all admired, explained, or abjured. Of a cubist picture one reads, "That picture is the kind of picture that gives pleasure to the kind of people who like that kind of picture." A neat and expeditious self-imposed sentence.

Of life, Peter affirms that sometimes, "if you give it a chance and look for them it will make patterns, beautiful patterns." Art, in this era, "is too self-conscious. Everybody is striving to do something *new* instead of writing or painting or composing what is natural." The great secret is the cat's secret. But what that is, one will have to know and appreciate this wise creature as does the

author of "The Tiger in the House" and "Lords of the Housetops."

Seldom is Peter so didactic. He lays down laws, but only that he may pick up others. He agrees with Oscar Wilde that only mediocre minds are consistent. Yet there is a fine harmony in all his dissimilarities. His pattern is intricate, but it is always pleasing. And most intriguing.

The tremendous amount of contemporary criticism in the book is subtly introduced as conversation. But then, Peter could not live without talk—and talkers. There is also much humor. In pigeonholing one girl, she is described as the kind who "thinks tripe is a kind of fish, and Cosí Fan Tutti an Italian ice cream." Further on, Peter says, "Mountains and the sea are eternal. No great creative work has ever been composed by the sea or in the shadow of a great mountain. Does this explain why so much that passes for art in America comes from Indiana and Illinois, the flat, unimposing, monotonous middle west?" And one knows that in the back of his mind, Peter consigns these artisans to the fastnesses of the mountains or the depths of the sea.

And what wonderful words are used with rich abandon! Pinguid, palidonal, glabrous, cacadorous, and other onomatopoeic and luscious-sounding expressions. Not even Cabell is as generous with the verbal feast. And Sentimental Tommy would, if sentient, roar with delight.

One may disagree heartily with Peter —but one will love him devotedly. He is a living masterpiece who will dwell with us throughout the ages, along with Pan and Homer and Jurgen. And his house is so alluring. A palace of gay boards and elaborate exterior decoration. In keeping with Peter's theory that each book should be bound in an individual style in harmony with its context, the different copies are clothed in various interpretations of this variable person. The particular copy in hand is arrayed in vivid zigzags of green, advancing, retreating,—indicative, perhaps, of Peter's inability to make up his mind. But by the color one is assured that, whatever turn his thoughts may take, they are always fresh and spontaneous. The back is stripped in tan linen, like the dusters of tourists. And Peter is always traveling, either mentally or physically. On his last long voyage, one can only wish him many new adventures, while bemoaning the passing of one whose like will not come again.

FAIRFAX PROUDFIT WALKUP.

THE VEIL AND OTHER POEMS

By WALTER DE LA MARE

(Henry Holt, 1922)

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE'S particular demesne in the world of letters is narrow and confined but within its curtailed borders his genius and inspiration remains unsurpassed. It is as though upon the vast estates of literature his spirit frequented only one single small hazel-copse. Strange flowers are to be found there under the great toad-like burdock leaves, rooks and wrens and nightingales also, but most of all moonlight. Yes! the moon is always slanting down "wildly bright" upon that entranced spinney and its cold radiance spreads itself through the pointed leaves till every crisp coloured fungus, every spray

of moss is set trembling under the influence of its magic.

It has fallen to Mr. De la Mare's lot to express, to crystallize into tangible substance, all those evasive feelings which, light as the cobweb gossamer of an early September morning, belong to that uncertain borderland between the real and the unreal which throughout the ages has so teasingly haunted the subconscious in humanity. His poetry is made up of just that imaginative stuff which comes fresh into the world with each succeeding generation and which in former times found rude expression in a thousand quaint superstitions.

Mr. Edward Shanks remarks in his admirable "Essay" that Walter De La Mare is troubled by a curious dissatisfaction with the actual world and has his eyes turned ever towards an existence less crude and less blatant. If anybody came complaining of being unable to appreciate Walter De La Mare's poetry I would have them visit some deserted garden on a white night at the time of the feast of St. Barnabas. In such a place with a "ruinous moon" casting her spell upon lawn and terrace, with every flower listening with delicate petalled ear and the "lean stalked purple lavender" in the stately border silently waiting, he could not fail to catch that elusive sense of something more exquisitely real than reality itself—a dream within a dream!

> Breath not—trespass not;
> Of the green and darkling spot
> Latticed from the moon's beams
> Perchance a distant dreamer dreams.

But truth to tell it is not only with the magic of mid-summer that Walter De La Mare can conjure. He is in league with the winter also. Never has the inarticulate melancholy of certain deserted and forlorn out-of-door places, far from fire-light, from candle-light, found more poignant interpretation. In the poem called "The Hare" for instance he has caught the actual impression of that almost visible loneliness which comes sometimes so overpoweringly upon us, when walking after dark, we stand contemplating in silence some wide stretch of deserted plough-land:

> In the black furrow of a field
> I saw an old witch hare tonight
> And she cocked a lissome ear
> And she eyed the moon so bright
> And she nibbled o' the green;
> And I whispered, Whist! Witch hare.
> Away like a ghostie o'er the field
> She fled and left the moonlight there.

And for imaginative sensitiveness to the spectacle of an old country place under a full moon, observe this:

> From their shadowy cotes the white
> breasts peep
> Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep
> A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
> With silver claws and silver eye.

And how his Witches, Ogres and Spirit-Demons are made to express the intangible moods that originally evoked them, how he has caught, for instance, the very note of provocative awareness that seems sometimes to emanate from an old village churchyard:

> All of the dead were stirring
> Each unto each did call,
> "A Witch, a Witch is sleeping
> Under the churchyard wall."

The same ambiguous quality is to be observed in those haunting lines in his newly published volume entitled "The Veil":

> In cloudy quiet of the day,
> While thrush and robin perched mute on
> spray,
> A Spectre by the window sat
> Brooding thereat.

And also in those charming verses in which "a mocking fairy" keeps upbraiding the old woman who has become deaf and blind to all but the practical work-a-day details of her cottage, has he not exposed in his evasive symbolic manner the presence of those blinkard scales that obscure in so lamentable a way the eyes of all mortal men? A rainy afternoon has given place to the last rays of a watery sunset:

> "Won't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"
> Quoth the fairy nidding nodding in the garden.
> "Can't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"
> Quoth the fairy laughing softly in the garden.

"Nidding"—that strange, new-coined word is charged surely with the very echo of the land where "trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves." And indeed, it is only one of many examples by which Walter De La Mare reveals his extraordinary hyper-consciousness to the vocabulary of that shadowy other realm! "Tippeting at the door," "Smickering smile," "Her niminy fingers," "Mimbling, mambling in the garden"—could ordinary human speech be nearly as expressive?

By an incredible mastery of his craft he is able to open casement after casement of our closed up living houses. He has one lovely poem in which with perfect sureness he conveys to our fancy that uncanny aura or atmosphere that hangs about a human being alone and asleep. A child entering a sultry day-room and finding itself suddenly confronted by the unconscious face of its mother shrinks back from the silent parlour almost in horror so strange and unearthly is the look upon those still features. Again in "The Veil" there are four lines that in somewhat the same way trouble the imagination long after they have been read:

> I saw a crazéd face, did I
> Stare from the lattice of a mill,
> While the lank sails clacked idly by
> High on the windy hill.

There is always a winnowed daintiness in what he writes, a delicacy of conception such as will have the very bedsteads of his gnomes made out of hollywood!

> Into the garden sweet with peas
> He put his wooden shoe
>
> I had a yellow riband
> I tied it in my hair
> That walking in the garden
> The birds might see it there.
>
> Edging across the twilight air
> Thieves of a guise remotely fair.

Mr. Walter De La Mare is possessed by a very intimate love for the soil of England, for its green meadows with their cold mushrooms and upstanding freckled cowslips, for its enclosed gardens with their bergamot and lobelia and heart-breaking memories, but even at the very moment that his eyes rest upon the land of his birth so "wicherie sweet" his yearning imagination has already betrayed his soul into flight.

> Far are the shades of Arabia
> Where the Princes ride at noon.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

UPSTREAM

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

(Boni and Liveright, 1922)

TEN books, received for "reviewing purposes" lie before me in a disordered pile. I have read them all. With two of them I am entirely disgusted, with three of them bored, to three others I am apathetic.

The other two, in amazing contrast, are excellent, "The Soul of a Child" (*Knopf*), by Edwin Björkman, and "Up-Stream" *(Boni and Liveright)*, by Ludwig Lewishon. I discuss only the Lewishon book; it is really superb.

"Up Stream" is an autobiography. Before reading it, one wonders why Lewisohn wrote it. He is only in his forties and enjoys fairly good health. In sum, death is not imminent, and it has been more or less the custom to start autobiographies along with the last will and testament. But upon reading it one finds out the reason. Reminiscences that come with arteriosclerosis were not the end Lewisohn had in view. He had a story to tell and a picture to draw, and a criticism to make, all definite and vivid; things to be set down before the hand becomes palsied or the brain relenting and moony.

Lewisohn's book has none of the vagaries—however delightful—of Huneker's so-called autobiography, "Steeplejack," nor the softened criticism that one finds in "The Education of Henry Adams." "Up Stream" is written after its author has aged sufficiently to be just and before he has aged enough to lose force and vitality.

Necessarily the book is not sour though it becomes bitter in spots. But Lewisohn is always fair. In presenting his reactions as immigrant child, as German and Jew, as a product of the Melting Pot, and finally as an apostate to American *Kultur*, he has given way to no apologies nor excuses, direct or indirect.

Telling the story briefly, Lewisohn was born in Germany of Jewish parents who brought him to America when he was still a child. They were more or less cutlured but practically unmonied, and thus the boy was left to the tender mercies of a public school and the Methodist church in a small southern town on the east coast. He early became converted to the religious and patriotic creeds of this land and it was not until he went to college that he became aware that there existed a prejudice in America against persons of Semitic blood. This awareness resulted in the sowing of the seed of skepticism in an incipient hundred-percenter—a great piece of good fortune.

In the meantime he had fallen upon the English literature and he professes greater delight and interest in it far than I, as American of English extraction, have ever felt.

Then Lewisohn went to New York to complete his education. Columbia University (thinly disguised) shortly afterward refused him an instructorship because he was a Jew. He next tried his hand at writing short stories and some were accepted by various magazines. He wrote two novels, the first of which enjoyed a very small sale and the second of which was destroyed by the Comstocks. He did hack work for the publishers and it nauseated him. In the meantime he had been trying to secure a position at various other universities and always failing for the same reason that he had failed at Columbia. His parents were in poor health and in need of money.

Finally he went to a university in the middle west and from there to another, Ohio State (also thinly disguised) where he taught in the Germanics department. The war came and the patriots assaulted him because he did not subscribe to all

the hysteria of the day. Finally he was glad to leave.

And there we have the structure of a story which unmade an American, an antithesis, Zeus be praised, to all slobbering of Edward Bok.

But my synopsis does Lewisohn an injustice; it gives no idea of the fine style in which the book is written, nor of the mordant and beautiful pathos of the thing, nor of the sympathetic and wide vision of the picture, nor of the sensitive appreciation of the author to the art and poetry and infinite melancholy of life, nor to his Olympian arraignment of our whole system of education, our Red-White-and-Blue blatancy, our anasthesia to the fine arts.

The book, as I have said, is superb. Bok has written of how a bourgeois foreigner became more bourgeois still. Lewisohn has written of a foreigner with a fine sensitivity and of his rebellion against the Rotary Club creed as soon as he had reached the age of reason.

G. D. EATON.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN
(Harcourt Brace & Co., 1922)

THE author describes his book as four plays of Victorian shade and character, and himself as a Victorian and therefore able to deal more truly and intimately and understandingly with that age than authors of subsequent generations will find possible. He is at once ruthless, ironic—and loving. He writes with delicate malice and great charm. He creates an atmosphere. The characters and their environment are inseparable. And over the book as a whole hovers a faintly audible sigh for the days that are gone—one is not quite certain whether it is a sigh of regret or relief.

The plays are entitled: I. The Queen: God Bless Her! (A Scene from Home-Life in the Highlands). II. His Favorite Flower (A Political Myth Explained). III. The Comforter (A Political Finale). IV. Possession (A Peep-Show in Paradise).

In the first play the Queen, seated in her tent on the lawn at Balmoral, discusses affairs of state with Mr. John Brown and then with the Earl of Beaconsfield. It is during Disraeli's last premiership. We see him adroitly and charmingly restraining a few of his royal mistress' more injudicious impulses. After the scene of his toast—"The Queen: God Bless Her!"—and the broken wine glass, the Queen is left alone, and she sits there fondling the broken pieces and murmuring to herself: "Such devotion! Most extraordinary! Oh, Albert, Albert! (And in the sixteenth year of her widowhood and the fortieth of her reign, the Royal Lady bends her head over the fragments of broken glass and weeps happy tears)."

The second play might be best described as the truth about Primrose Day.

The third is about the Gladstones. The setting, a sitting-room in Downing Street, March, 1894. Mr. Gladstone has delegated to Mr. John Morley the task of telling his wife that a new cabinet will be formed—and that he will not be in it. "Oh," says Mrs. Gladstone, "then he really means it! If he had been in any doubt he would have consulted me!"

"Possession" is the longest play in the book and is accurately explained in the

sub-title. It is a very curious conception very brilliantly handled.

Mr. Housman's book should prove a rare treat to those people who appreciate excellent craftsmanship, a well-balanced mind, wit, and uncommonly keen perceptions in an author.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS
(Macmillan, 1922)

MR. MASTERS has chosen an inopportune time to publish his new novel, "Children of the Market Place." It cannot be classed with the usual "light summer reading." In fact, to come to the point frankly and without further circumlocution, "Children of the Market Place" is an undeniably dull book.

The book purports to be an autobiography, not of Mr. Masters, but of a young Englishman, who comes to the United States early in the nineteenth century. Many of the people brought into the story are men prominent in American history, but Mr. Masters has managed to divest these once living characters of every vestige of life and reality. The events chronicled in the book include everything of importance that has contributed to the growth of our nation, the development of the national idea, and of industry and transportation, and the Mexican and Civil wars; and out of this wealth of romantic, stirring, and interesting material, Mr. Masters has evolved nothing more than a dry and musty record of the United States. The story of James Miles, Dorothy, Zoe and the other fictitious men and women who are introduced, add nothing to the book, but lay it open to the charge of being neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. It is not fact, fiction, or propaganda, though the title and occasional paragraphs are devoted to the problem of slavery, and much of the book is taken up with the question of national expansion.

There has been, lately, a decided tendency for poets to turn to novel writing, and though we find the effort in itself praiseworthy, the results seem to us to have been uniformly unsuccessful. Now we have the poet turning historian, and in this departure he is no more fortunate. Ours is an age of specialists, and perhaps it would be better for the poet to stick to his poetry, and the chronicler to his facts, leaving the field of romantic-historical-political America to Paul Liecester Ford and his "Honorable Peter Stirling."

ADALINE KATZ.

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON
(Harper & Bros., 1922)

IF history is a race between education and catastrophe, then this book must have been written in an attempt to cheat catastrophe of its booty.

For Mr. Robinson has not yet surrendered the world to death, but he would save it, not because of what it is, but because of what it might be in view of what it was.

Here is no sentimentalist braying in the wilderness about the wrath to come, but a scientific historian—not such a forbidding creature!—who knows not merely the chronologies of popes and empires, but also the record of thought and the sources from which we derive our "eternal verities," "immutable max-

ims" and "unshakeable principles" a little too well for the comfort of pedagogues and politicians.

He summons us to intellectual pioneering, to fearless revaluations. "I have no reforms to recommend except the liberation of intelligence." And he has liberated his own intelligence sufficiently to be able to perceive and picture for us the epochs within epochs; the rise and fall of ideas within the rise and fall of principalities, a remarkable achievement. Yet wide as is the range of thought which he envelops, he is not "thorough" and "precise." He suggests; he invites us to continued investigation and it is not, therefore, a pretended humility which leads him to declare this 232-page book an "essay" and not a "thesis."

He sends us to pastures new, not so much by explicit advice as by revealing the charm that lies hidden in an even deeper pursuit of the ideas that dominated past ages and of their influence on us "emancipated" human beings of today. It is to the writer's credit that this volume recalls to the reviewer Bury's "History of the Freedom of Thought." If Mr. Robinson, within his field, has told us less than Bury, he has opened wider horizons.

HARRY SALPETER.

Mercutio

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Mercutio the artist
sits in his dustbin
making love to the moths
that circle in through the cracked
    pane of the lone window...

Mercutio
makes love to the white moths
he catches them
and pats them gently...gently
brushes the powder from their wings
and tears them bit by bit...